

VOL. 9 Nº 1

JUNE



BLUE BOLT 10¢

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Safe! WITH
DICK COLE!
52 PAGES OF
ACTION!



ID



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

THE EDITORS WRITE:

"What's happened to 'Blue Bolt; The American'?" That's what one of our readers asked, and that's what we want to know too.

This comic book was called BLUE BOLT to bear the name of its most popular character. Now "Blue Bolt" no longer rates even third in popularity among our readers. We'd like to know why, and you can help us.

How do you like "Blue Bolt; The American"? Would you like him changed in some particular manner? Aren't his adventures exciting enough? Would you prefer him to be a detective? Or would you rather he had more super-human powers?

All our heroes should be tops. We feel we're letting you down if they aren't.

Think about this. Be our doctor. What's your remedy for Blue Bolt and Snap?

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your January issue of BLUE BOLT comics and enjoyed every word of it. "Dick Cole" is tops with me because he is a real sportsman and I am interested in the kind of sports which he plays. "Edison Bell" is second because he is more of my type of a boy.

"Sergeant Spook" is completely out. The things he does are impossible. I wish you would put an extra story of "Dick Cole" in the next issue. I am sure many others would like you to do the same.

Sincerely yours,
Gerald Dove
Fieldale, Va.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just discovered that the editors of BLUE BOLT comics also edit TARGET COMICS. That is the most logical explanation for my refusing to choose between the two. Also, whenever I go to the newsstands, your two are the very first magazines I pick out.

I also enjoy the "Question and Answers." Once when I was having exams in school, I was able to answer a question because of your magazine.

The only fault I can find with these magazines is that they are not published often enough.

Truly yours,
Nuala Keary
Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Dear Editors:

After reading Volume 8, Number 7, which is the December issue, I'll give you my thoughts about BLUE BOLT comics.

a. The cover is perfect. I wish you would sometimes put "Sergeant Spook" on the cover.

b. "Dick Cole" has improved very much.

c. "Rick Richards" is perfect; in fact, it's my favorite story next to "Sergeant Spook."

d. "Edison Bell" is a wonderful story, but why don't we see his girl friend help him with some invention? Or Jerry and his girl help to make an invention? Girls can invent too, can't they?

e. "Fearless Fellers" are okay, only they eat too much sweet food. Don't they ever get decayed teeth?

f. "Heathcliff the Hobo" by Art Helfant is swell.

g. "Sergeant Spook" is perfect. Perfect drawings and printing. My favorite!

h. I also like your short stories.

i. What happened to "Blue Bolt"? He used to be my favorite. Something is missing.

j. "Blue Bolts and Nuts" are swell.

k. Your "Questions and Answers" also help us in school.

A faithful reader,
Peggy Joyce Lawson
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January issue of BLUE BOLT comics and I personally think it is the best comic on the book stands.

I like the new way you have put your "Q's and A's." This keeps down a lot of confusion by having to turn the book upside down to find the A's.

I like most of all "Dick Cole" and then "Edison Bell." The rest are O.K., but these two are the ones I like best of all.

I have never seen a comic that expresses sportsmanship between young people better than BLUE BOLT comics. I think this is especially true in the story of Dick.

I wholeheartedly thank you for publishing such a well-organized comic book and I know you couldn't find a better comic.

Sincerely yours,
Lindel Martin
Madison, Ill.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion BLUE BOLT is one of the best if not the best comic. Some people say they would like "Blue Bolt" in his original blue costume but I like him just the way he is. "Dick Cole" has always been and probably will remain to be in my opinion, the most exciting, best drawn, comic strip in BLUE BOLT comics. "Edison Bell" is second best but I don't think his inventions are very well planned. The "Fearless Fellers" adventures are swell but I think the drawing could be better. "Rick Richards" and "Sergeant Spook" should be left out completely.

The "Readers Write" should be on the back cover and on the front cover. I have about five BLUE BOLT comics and of them all I like the December cover. Well, that about completes my opinion of your magazine and I think that other BLUE BOLT readers like your magazine as well as I do.

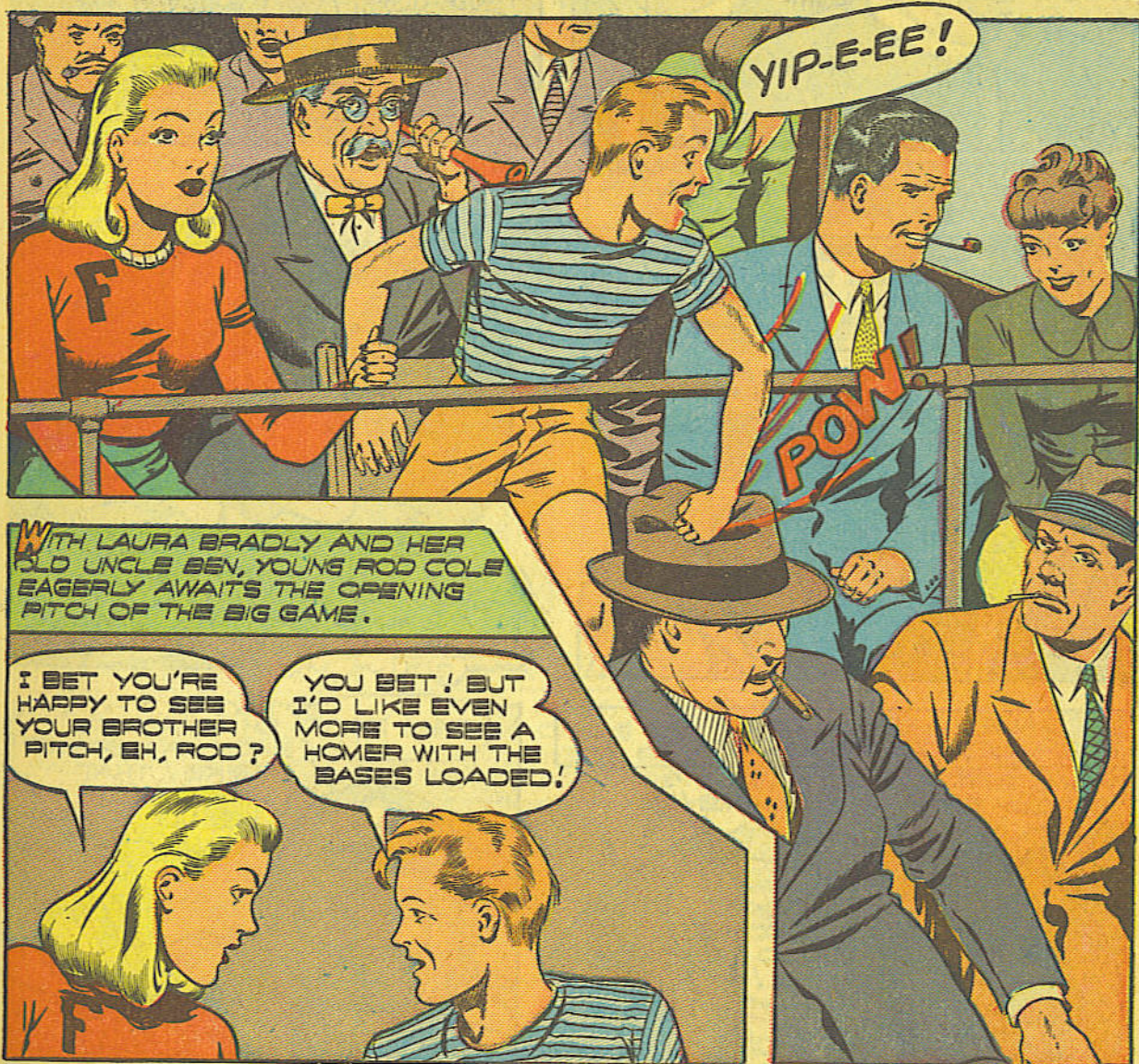
Duane Patterson
Utica, Pa.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE

WHILE ROD COLE ROOTS STRENUOUSLY FOR HIS BROTHER, DICK, TO BLAST A GRAND-SLAM HOMER IN FARR MILITARY ACADEMY'S CRUCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE AGAINST HOLDEN MILITARY ACADEMY, HE DOES A BIT OF SLAMMING ON HIS OWN!



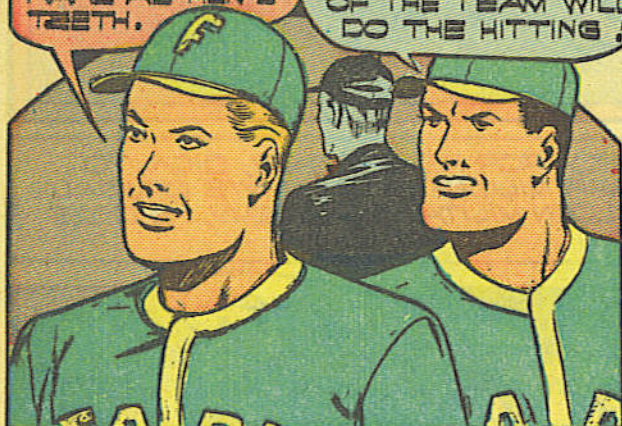
Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Advisor

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DICK, IN THE DUGOUT BELOW, OVERHEARS.

HAVE A HEART, ROD. GRAND-SLAM HOVERS ARE AS RARE AS HEN'S TEETH.

YOU TAKE CARE OF THE PITCHING, COLE. THE REST OF THE TEAM WILL DO THE HITTING!



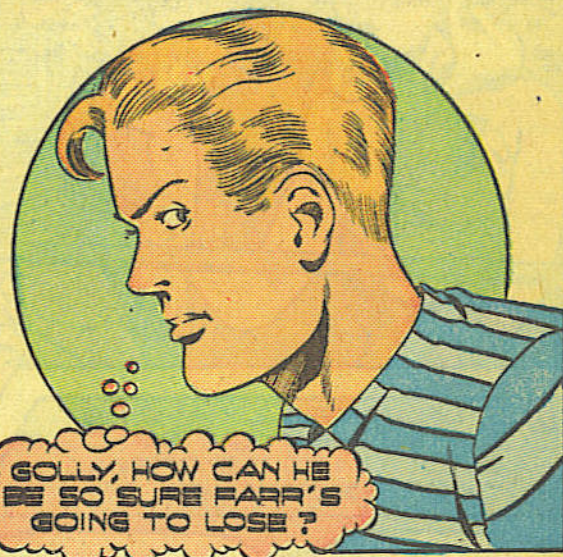
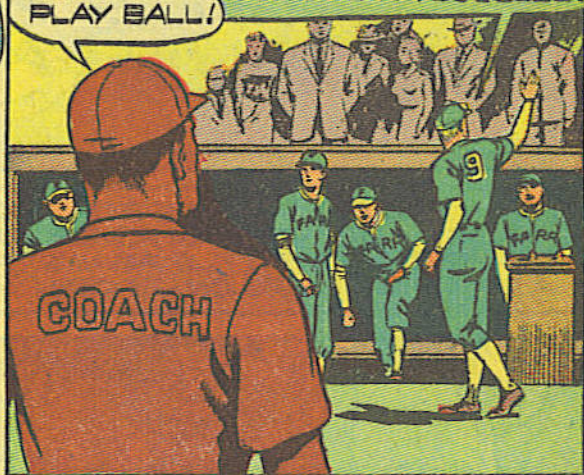
"JOLLY" ROGERS, THE BIG CENTERVIEW GAMBLER, AND TWO OF HIS MEN TAKE SEATS IN FRONT OF ROD.

HA, HA! IT'LL BE GREAT FUN TO SEE FARR LOSE! HEE-HEE! DICK COLE WILL LOOK LIKE A SAP!



TAKE THE FIELD, MEN. TIME TO PLAY BALL!

WISH ME LUCK, ROD! I'LL TRY TO MAKE YOUR VISIT A SUCCESS!



GOLLY, HOW CAN HE BE SO SURE FARR'S GOING TO LOSE?

THE GAME STARTS. DICK'S FIRST PITCH CUTS THE INSIDE CORNER.

WOW! THAT WAS SO FAST I HARDLY SAW IT! LUCKY ME!

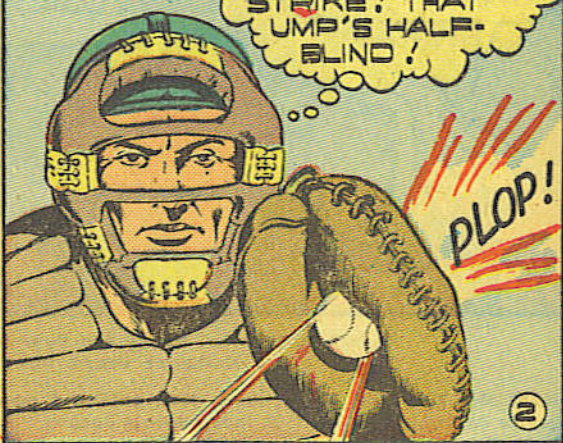
BALL ONE!

HMPH! LOOKED GOOD AS GOLD TO ME!



BALL TWO!

OH, MY ACHING BACK! A PERFECT STRIKE! THAT UMP'S HALF-BLIND!



The next issue of this magazine will go on sale

May 12

— Don't miss it.

THE UMPIRE CONTINUES TO CALL DICK'S WELL-PLACED PITCHES "BALLS." HOLDEN'S LEAD-OFF MAN IS WALKED AND ALSO THE NEXT BATTER.

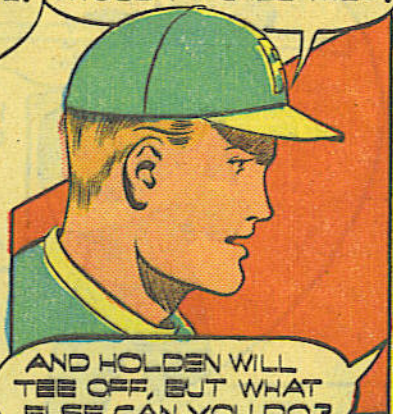


THIS UMP FROM THE PRO LEAGUE IS MURDERING US! YOU'RE PITCHING STRIKES, DICK!



WHIFFLE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST UMP IN THE BIG CITY LEAGUE. I DON'T GET IT, SIMBA!

I'LL HAVE TO GROOVE 'EM RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE, SIMBA. EVEN WHIFFLE CAN'T CALL THOSE PITCHES WILD!

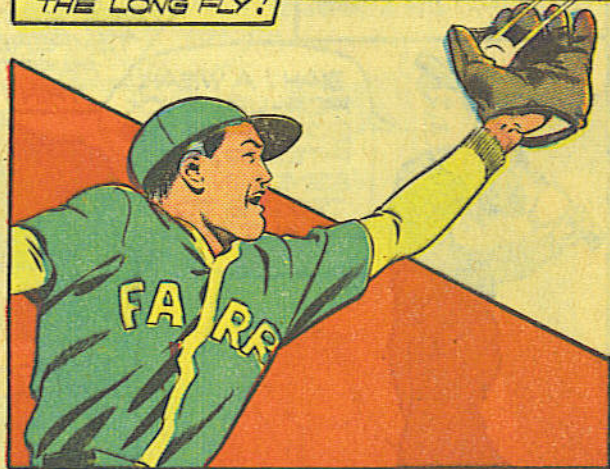
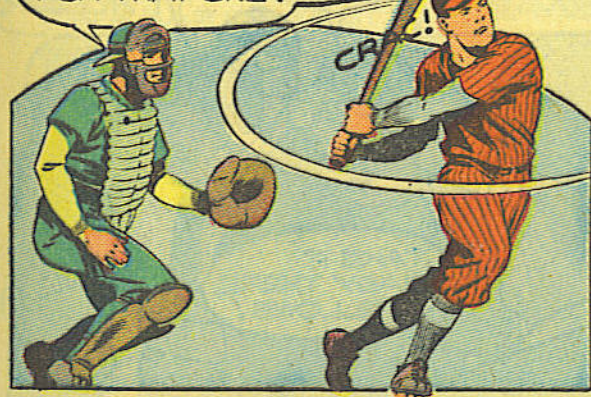


AND HOLDEN WILL TEE OFF, BUT WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?

DICK SPLITS THE PLATE WITH HIS NEXT PITCH, AND DALE JACK PUTS THE GOOD WOOD ON IT!

RACING AT TOP SPEED, CENTER FIELDER BARK HALL PULLS DOWN THE LONG FLY!

ON YOUR HORSE, HALL! YOU'LL HAVE TO GALLOP FOR THAT ONE!

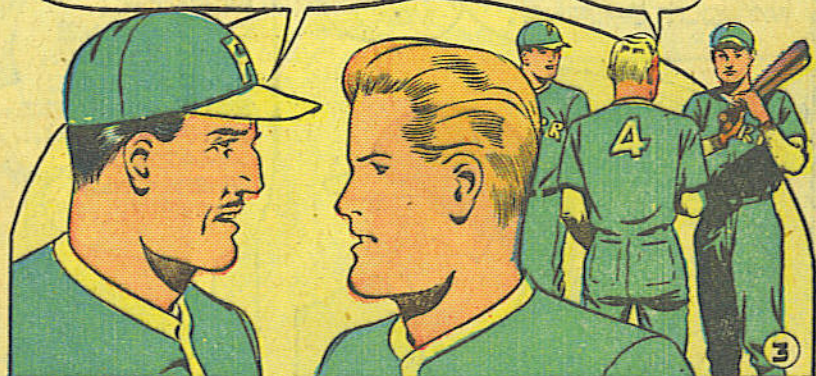


A TRIPLE BY THE CLEAN-UP MAN DRIVES TWO RUNS OVER FOR HOLDEN, BUT A POP-UP AND A CIRCUS CATCH BY SLIP'RY AT SHORTSTOP END THE HOLDEN SCORING.

AS DICK COMES OFF THE MOUND, COACH BRADLY STOPS HIM.

TOUGH LUCK, DICK, BUT IF WHIFFLE CALLS 'EM THE SAME FOR US, WE'LL GET THOSE TWO RUNS BACK.

LEAD OFF, SLIP'RY, GET HOLD OF ONE!



SLIP'RY LEADS OFF FOR FARR.

**STR-R-RIKE
ONE!**

WOW!
HE'S
CALLIN'
'EM JUST
THE
OPPOSITE
AGAINST US!

HMPH! YOU'LL ALL STRIKE
OUT IF THAT ROBBER HAS HIS
OWN WAY. BETTER SWING ON.
THE BAD ONES. YOU MAY
GET A HIT!

**STE-E-RIKE
THREE!
YER OUT!**

**NATURALLY
IT IS HARD TO
MEET THE BALL
SQUARELY WHILE
LUNGING AT A WILD
PITCH.**

BAH! A WEAK
POP-UP. DUCK
SOUP FOR THE
PITCHER. NO
SENSE IN
TRYING TO
RUN IT OUT.

**AFTER SEVERAL
INNINGS OF UNFAIR
TREATMENT, THE
TEMPERS OF THE
FARR TEAM WEAR
THIN!**

WHAT'S
THE IDEA,
WHIFFLE?
GIVE US A
BREAK!

QUIET! I'LL
THROW YOU
OUT OF THE
GAME!

ROBBER!

TAKE IT
EASY THERE,
FELLOWS!

**MAJOR FARR COMES DOWN
FROM HIS BOX.**

'TENSHUN!
REMEMBER, FARR
MEN ARE SPORTSMEN!
TAKE WHAT COMES
WITHOUT GRIPING!

ALL RIGHT!
PLAY
BALL,
MEN!

**MEANWHILE, ROD OVERHEARS SNATCHES
OF INTERESTING CONVERSATION FROM THE
BOX JUST BELOW HIM!**

WE'LL MAKE
PLENTY...
OR MY NAME
AIN'T JOLLY...
FARR WOULD
BE SURPRISED...
...HA, HA, HA!...
AMAZED IF
THEY ONLY
KNEW....

**KNEW WHAT? I GOTTA
HEAR IT ALL!**

LEND ME YOUR EAR
TRUMPET, UNCLE BEN!



ROD RUSHES FROM THE BOX!

WHAT ON...? ROD COLE, COME BACK THIS INSTANT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH UNCLE BEN'S EAR TRUMPET?



SORRY, LAURA! I'LL BE BACK!

DIDJA HEAR THAT, FITZ? "ROD COLE," SHE SEZ! PROBABLY DICK COLE'S BROTHER IN THE NEXT BOX... EAVESDROPPING!

YEAH! AND THERE HE GOES! DON'T WORRY, BOSS, I'LL TAIL HIM!



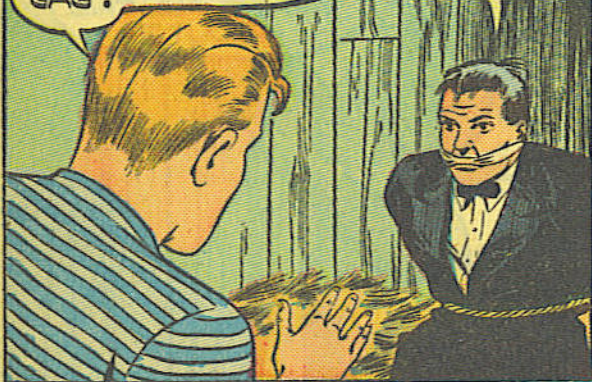
AND ROD GETS AN EARFUL!



ROD RACES TO THE STABLES, AND SEARCHES THE STALLS. FINALLY...

GOLLY! WHO ARE YOU? I'LL REMOVE YOUR GAG!

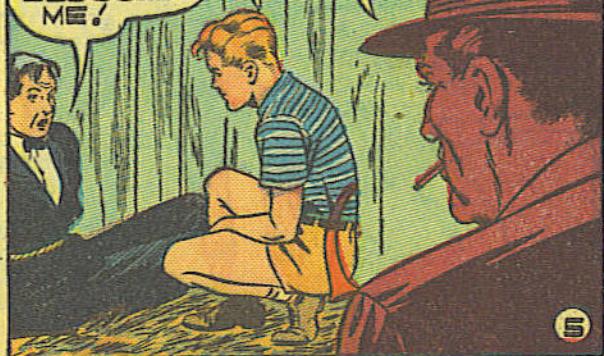
MRP-MMMP!



I'M WHIFFLE, THE UMPIRE! SOME ELASTED THUGS SLUGGED ME!

BUT WHY?

'CAUSE JOLLY WANTED TO PUT HIS OWN MAN IN WHIFFLE'S PLACE!



BEFORE ROD CAN MOVE, JOLLY ROGERS'S MAN, FITZ, TIES HIS ARMS TO HIS SIDES. THEN...

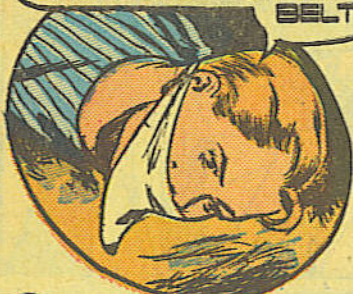
JOLLY WANTED TO BE SURE THAT HE WON ALL HIS BETS ON HOLDEN... AND HE'S GOT A FEW SCORES TO SETTLE WITH MR. DICK COLE, TOO!



WITH BOTH OF YOU GAGGED AND SOUND, YOU'LL STAY PUT TILL THE GAME'S OVER! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE OUTCOME. HOLDEN CAN'T LOSE. SO LONG!

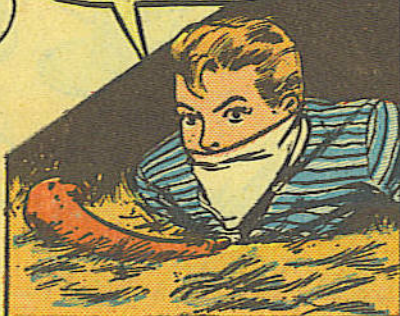


I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE AND WARN FARR OR THEY'LL LOSE THE CHAMPIONSHIP! I'M SURE I CAN'T GET MY ARMS FREE, BUT MAYBE I CAN DISLodge THE BAR TRUMPET FROM MY BELT!



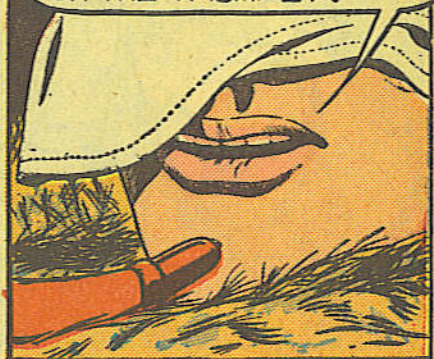
AFTER MUCH SQUIRMING, ROD FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN DISLodGING THE TRUMPET.

THIS GAG'S TIGHT, BUT IF I MAKE FACES LONG ENOUGH MAYBE I CAN WORK IT OFF!



PRECIOUS MINUTES PASS AS ROD STRUGGLES, BUT AT LAST...

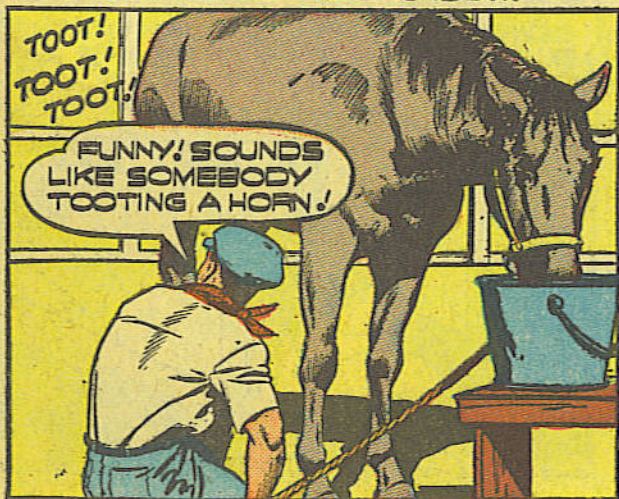
AH! MY MOUTH IS FREE AT LAST! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY MAKE A LOUD NOISE ON THE TRUMPET!



OUTSIDE THE STABLES, A GROOM HEARS THE SOUNDS...

TOOT!
TOOT!
TOOT!

FUNNY! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY TOOTING A HORN!



..AND INVESTIGATES.

WELL, I'LL BE! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?



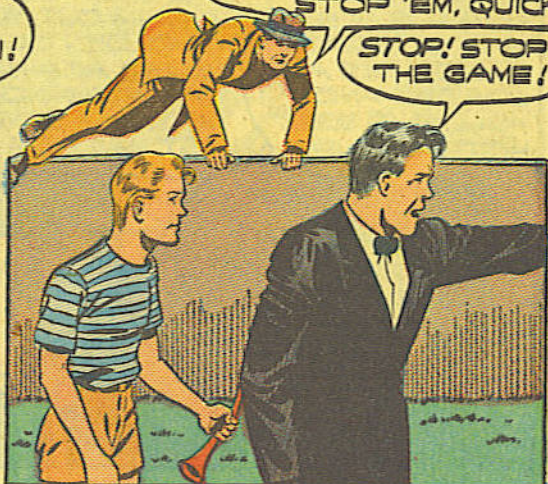
MEANWHILE, FARR IS LOSING 4-0 IN THE NINTH INNING. ALTHOUGH DICK'S SUPERB PITCHING HAS PUT TWO MEN OUT, TWO HOLDEN PLAYERS ARE ON BASE, AND THERE ARE THREE BALLS ON THE BATTER.



I WONDER WHERE ROD WENT? I HOPE HE DOESN'T THINK I'VE LET HIM DOWN!



SUDDENLY... ULP! THEY GOT LOOSE! I'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM, QUICK!

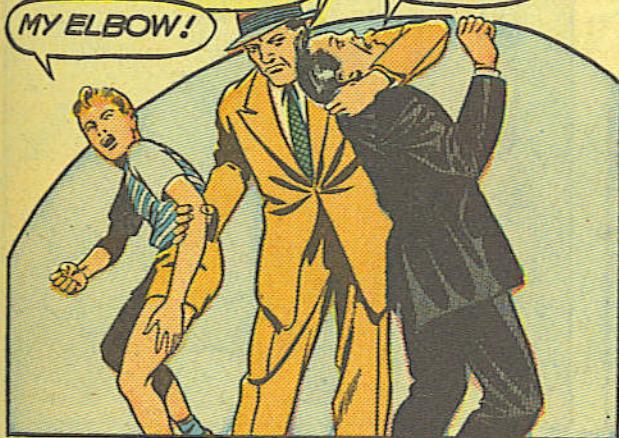


STOP! STOP THE GAME!

IF YOU TWO WANNA STAY HEALTHY, SCRAM QUICK!

OUCH! YOU'RE BREAKING MY NECK!

MY ELBOW!

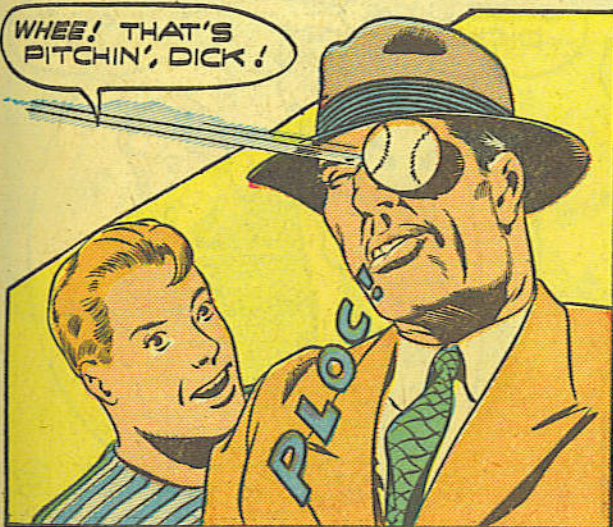


DICK SEES THE SCUFFLE, STEPS OFF THE MOUND, TAKES CAREFUL AIM, AND...

I HATE TO USE A BEAN BALL, BUT THIS CASE IS AN EXCEPTION!



WHEE! THAT'S PITCHIN', DICK!



OFFICER, ARREST THAT IMPOSTER! I AM WHIFFLE, THE REAL UMPIRE!

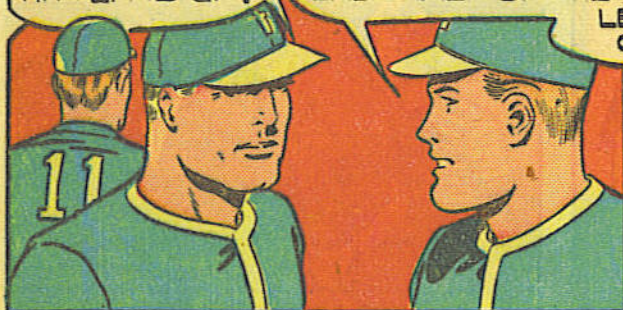
WHOA! JUST A MINUTE, CHUM!



THE POLICEMAN MARCHES THE FAKE UMPIRE AWAY.

IT'S NICE TO HAVE A REAL UMP, BUT IT'S A LITTLE LATE. THE BASES ARE LOADED AND HOLDEN'S BEST HITTER IS UP!

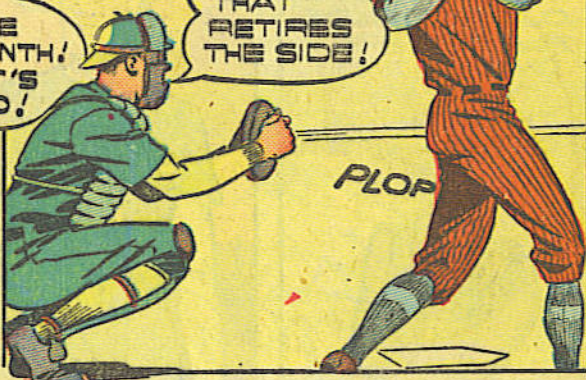
I'VE JUST GOT TO GET HIM OUT, SIMBA! IF HOLDEN DOESN'T SCORE AGAIN, WE HAVE A CHANCE TO TAKE THE GAME IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH! LET'S GO!



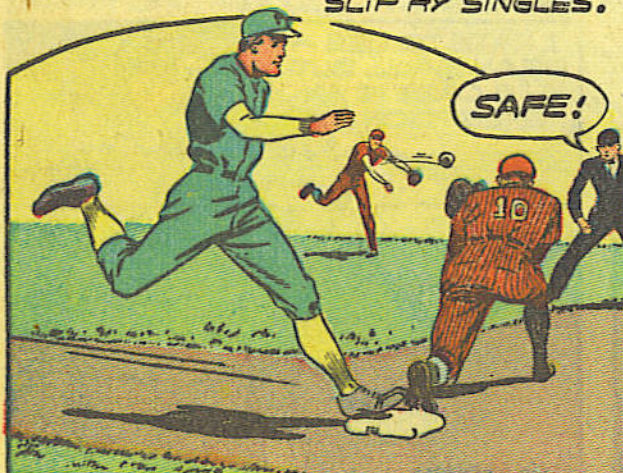
DICK BLAZES HIS FAST BALL AT THE CORNERS!

STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!

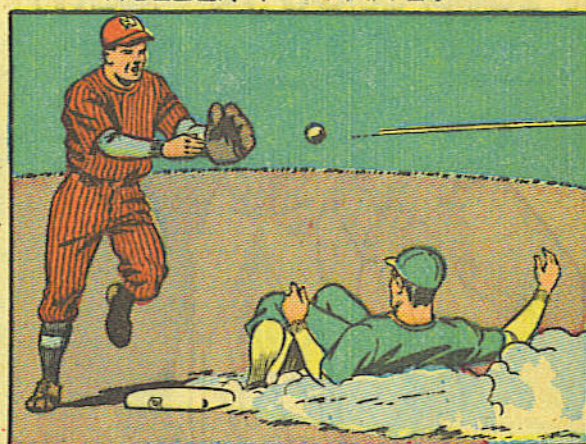
YIPES! THAT RETIRES THE SIDE!



NOW ABLE TO WAIT FOR THE "FAT" PITCHES, FARR STRIKES BACK! SLIP'RY SINGLES.



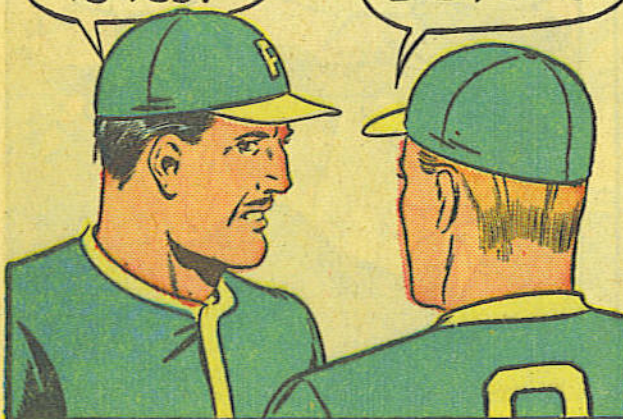
BARK HALL'S LONG DOUBLE OFF THE FENCE SCORES SLIP'RY AS BARK SLIDES INTO SECOND SAFELY HOLDEN 4 - FARR 1.



SIMBA KARNO'S SINGLE AND TED TODLEY'S WALK LOAD THE BASES.

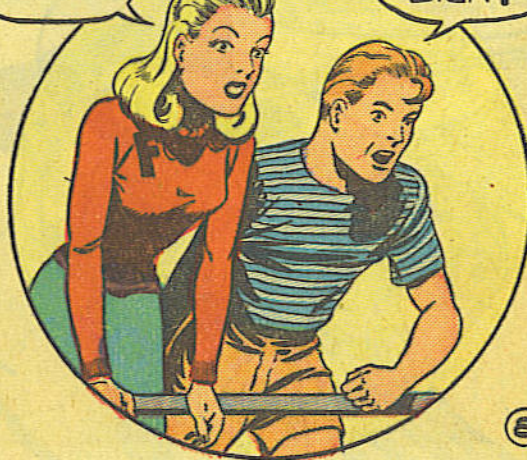
DICK! IT'S UP TO YOU!

I'LL DO MY BEST, COACH.



GOOD LUCK, DICK!

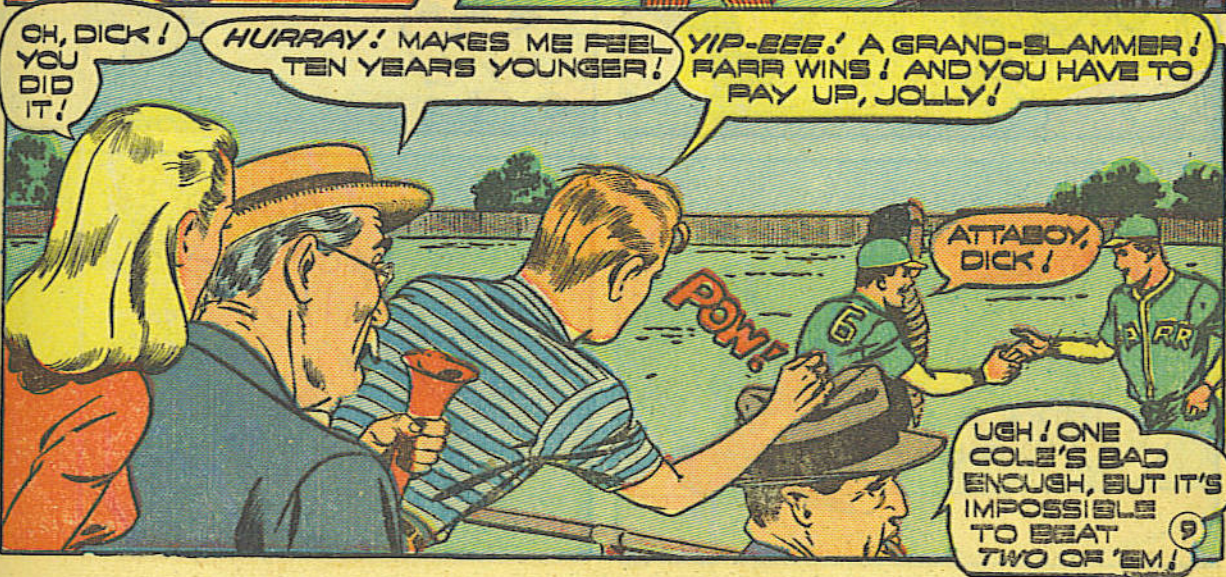
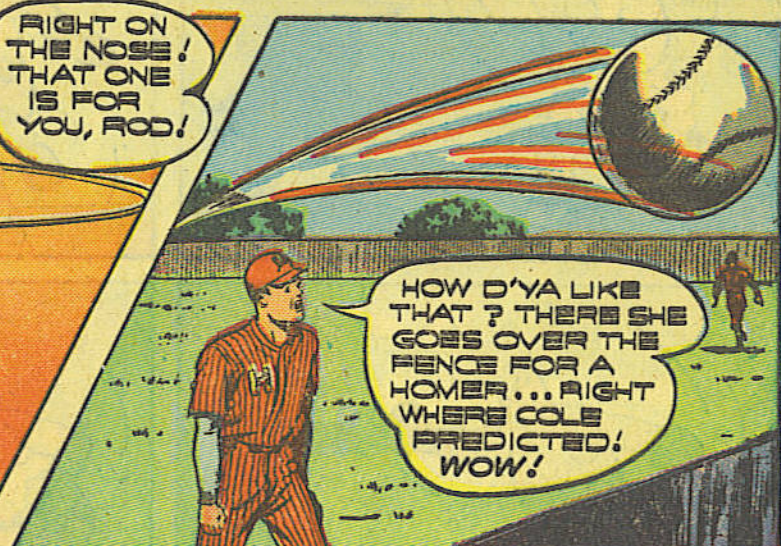
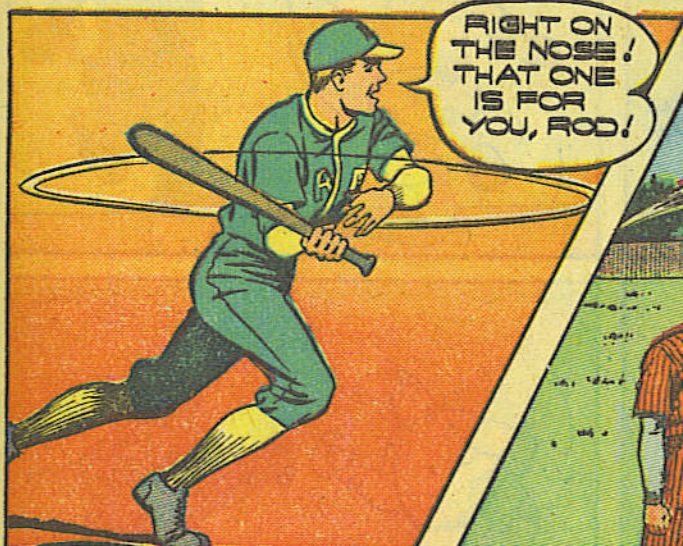
SOCK IT, DICK!



YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH, ROD! WATCH THE FIRST PITCH SAIL OVER THE CENTER-FIELD FENCE!

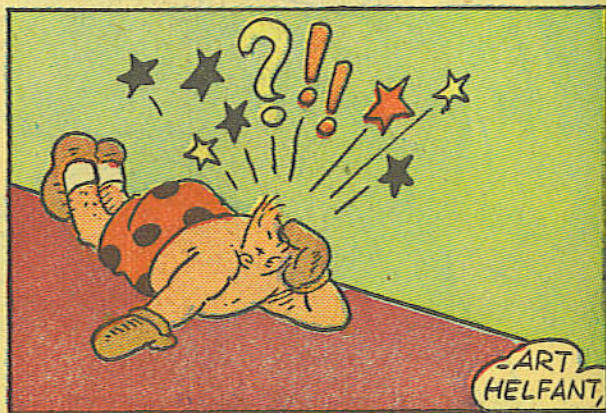
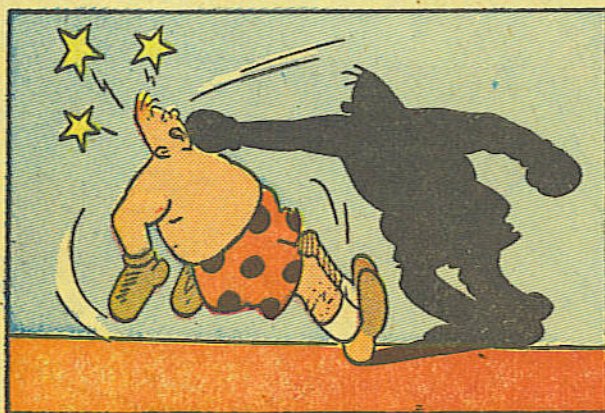
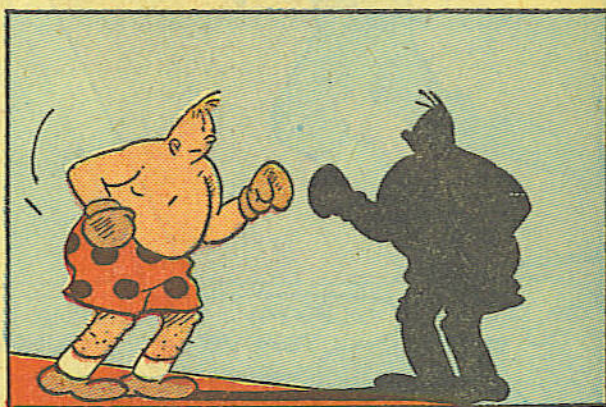
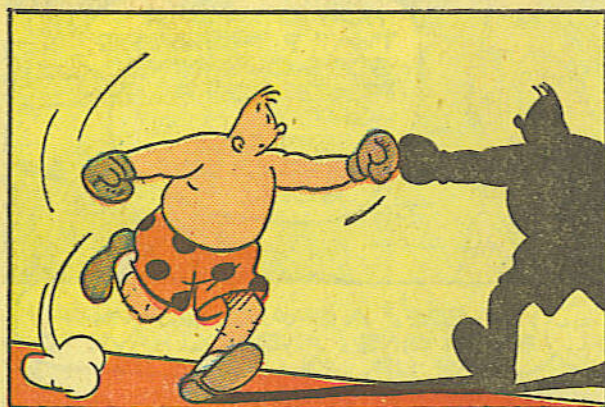
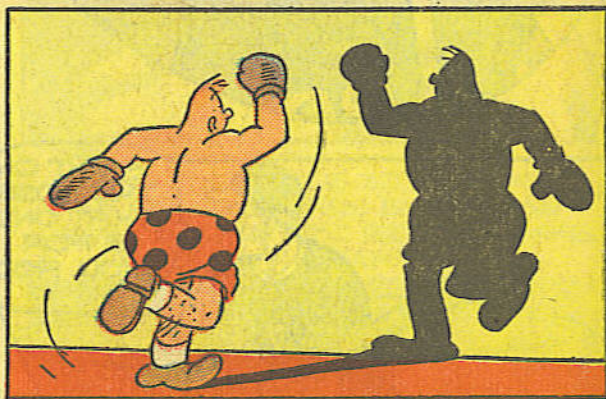
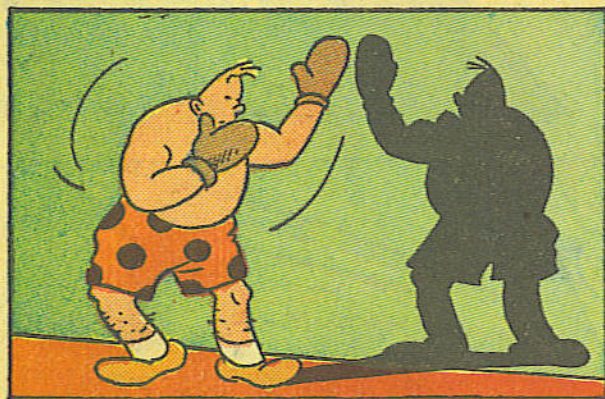
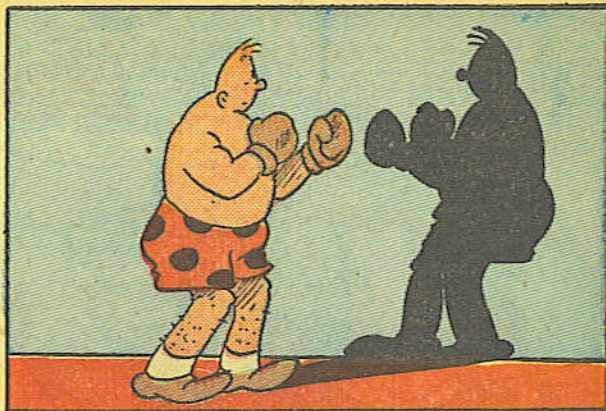
HUH! BASE RUTH ONCE CALLED HIS SHOT IN A WORLD SERIES, BUT YOU AIN'T BASE RUTH!

HEY, COLE, I'M TAKIN' ROOT ON THIRD BASE HERE! CUT OUT THE GRANDSTAND STUFF AND GET ME HOME!



TWO-TON O'TOOLE

SHADOW BOXING.



BLUE BOLT

G'WAN - HOW COULD YOUR
UNCLE SHOOT A LION IN
THE HEAD AND FOOT
WITH JUST ONE
BULLET??

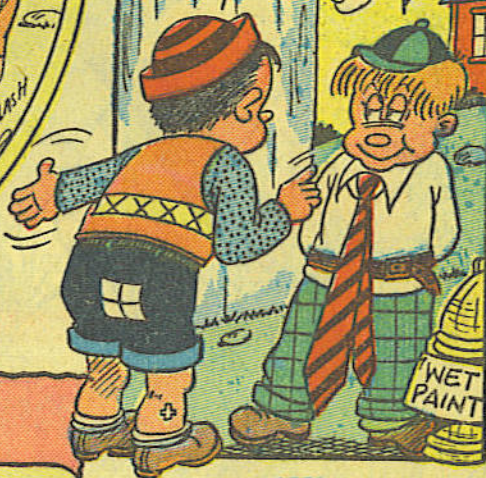
EASY, HECTOR!
THE LION WAS
SCRATCHING HIS
HEAD!!



24 SAN MARINO 10c—In our entire 27 years of business, we have never advertised such an outstanding offer. Here are 6 different sets from one of the hardest countries to get stamps from. These 24 magnificent stamps have sold for as much as 5c each, or \$1.20 for the 24 stamps. These beautiful issues, many quite large, will make San Marino the finest page in your album. Send 10c for this wonderful collection of 24 all different San Marino. All guaranteed genuine.

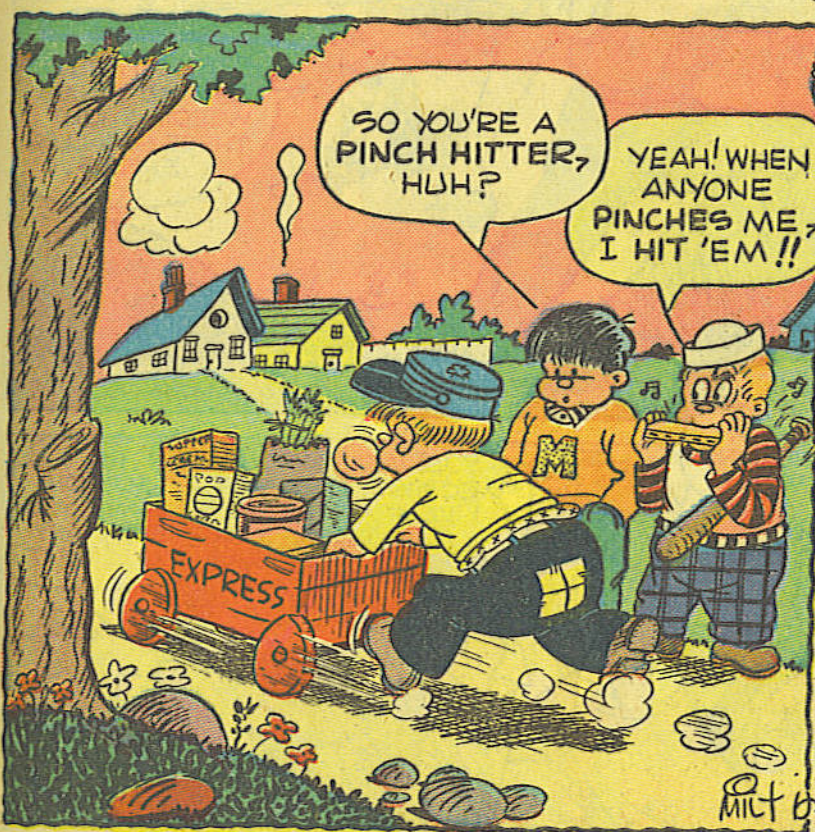
WM. PENN STAMP CO. Dept. x, P. O. Box 303, Philadelphia 8, Pa.

SURE I CAN
READ YOUR
FACE - IT'S
SIMPLE!!



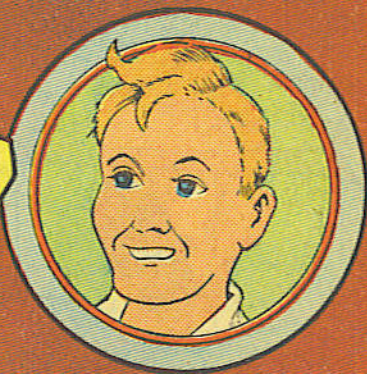
SO YOU'RE A
PINCH HITTER,
HUH?

YEAH! WHEN
ANYONE
PINCHES ME,
I HIT 'EM!!

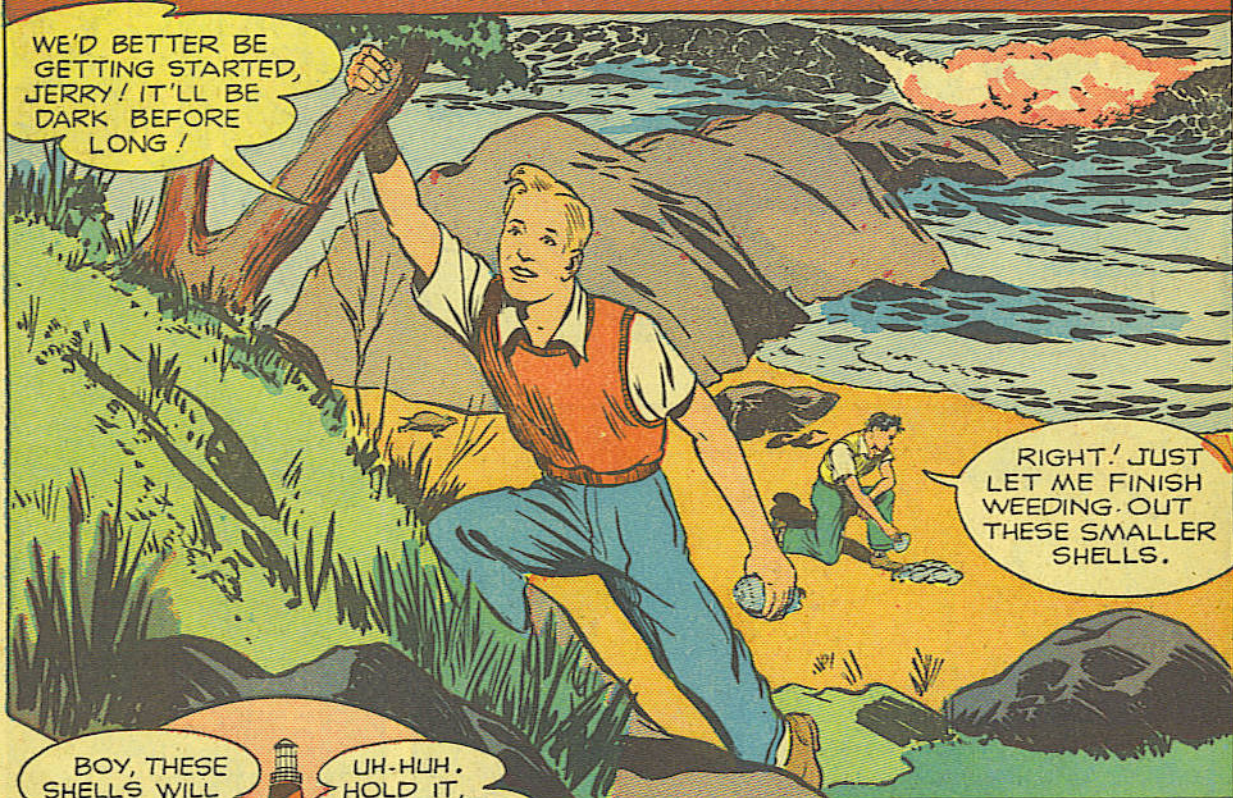


MILT BAMMER

Edison Bell



WE'D BETTER BE GETTING STARTED, JERRY! IT'LL BE DARK BEFORE LONG!



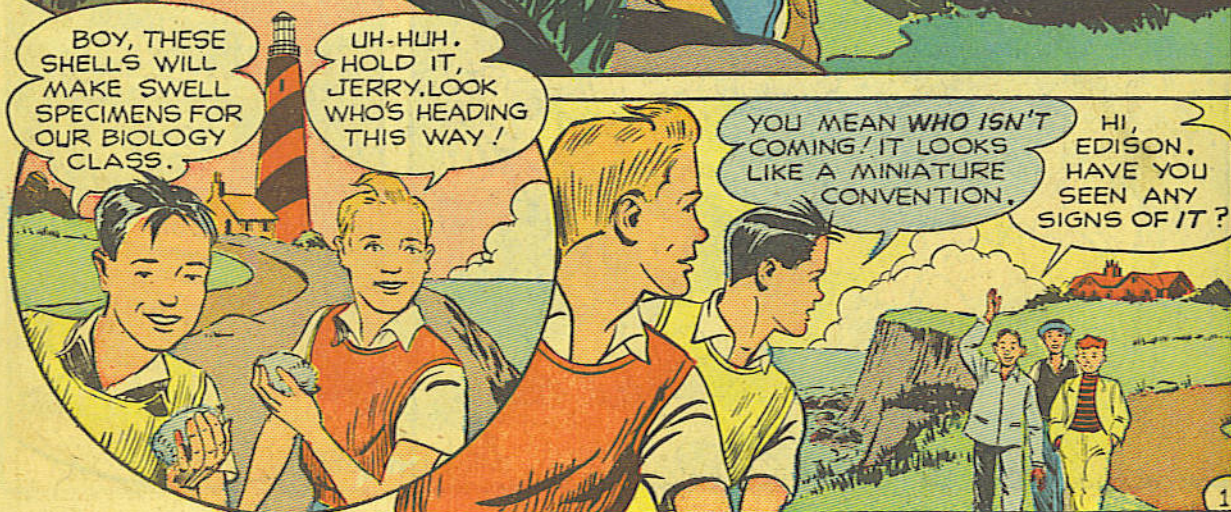
RIGHT! JUST LET ME FINISH WEEDING OUT THESE SMALLER SHELLS.

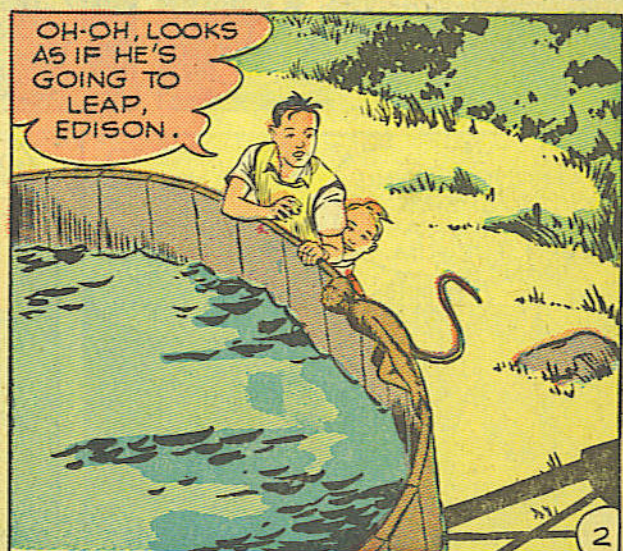
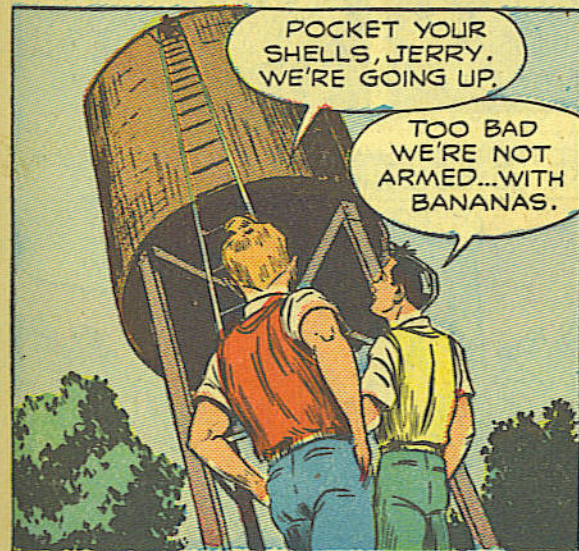
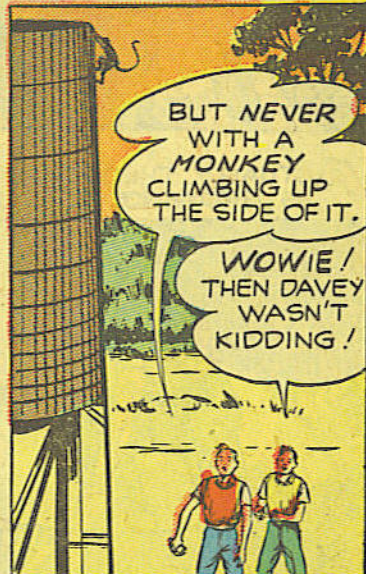
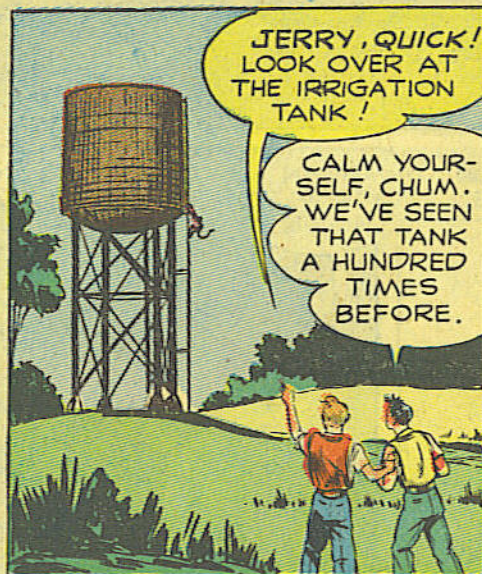
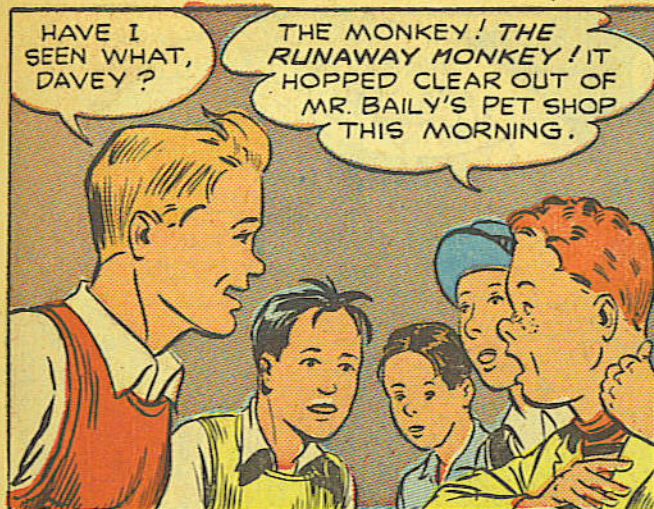
BOY, THESE SHELLS WILL MAKE SWELL SPECIMENS FOR OUR BIOLOGY CLASS.

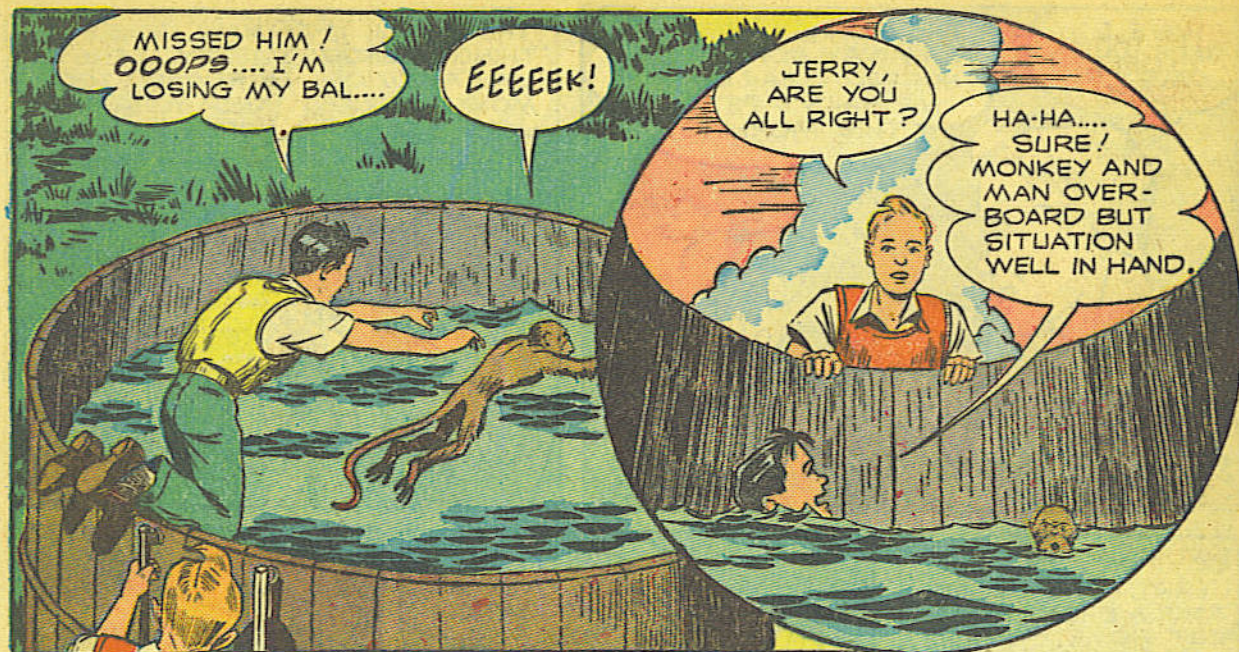
UH-HUH. HOLD IT, JERRY, LOOK WHO'S HEADING THIS WAY!

YOU MEAN WHO ISN'T COMING! IT LOOKS LIKE A MINIATURE CONVENTION.

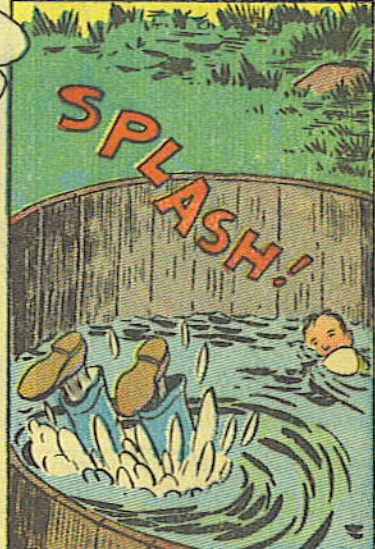
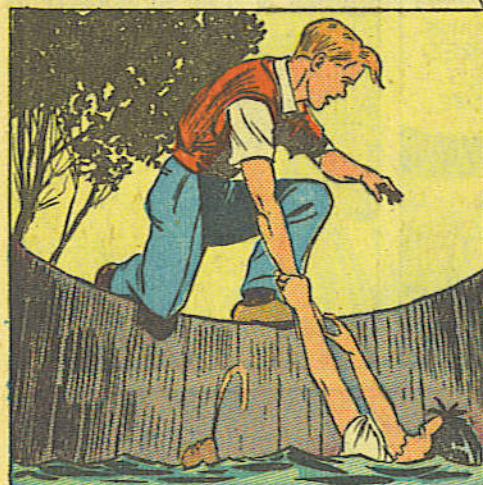
HI, EDISON. HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SIGNS OF IT?





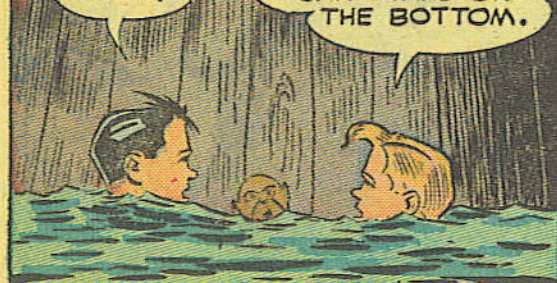


ACTUALLY, THE SITUATION IS GROWING SERIOUS....



WHEW, THAT WATER IS SINKING LOWER EVERY SECOND. WE CAN'T REACH THE RIM NOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO TREAD WATER UNTIL THE TANK EMPTIES ITSELF ENOUGH SO WE CAN STAND ON THE BOTTOM.



BUT THERE'S SLIM HOPE OF THAT, EDISON, FOR OUTSIDE THE TANK.....



THE FARMER, COMPLETING HIS CHORES, HEADS FOR HIS DISTANT HOUSE..

JERRY, THE WATER STOPPED RECEDING.

CAN'T KEEP TREADING WATER FOREVER.

WAIT... THAT RELEASE VALVE! IF IT OPENS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TANK, IT MUST OPEN ON THE *INSIDE*! I'M GOING TO DIVE FOR IT.

IT DOES OPEN. I CAN SEE WATER ESCAPING. BUT... CAN'T... HOLD... BREATH....

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BOYS STRUGGLE WITH THE VALVE AT THE TANK BOTTOM, UNTIL FINALLY....

ED! WE CAN STAND!

D-DID IT GO DOWN ANY?

UH-HUH. QUITE A FEW INCHES. NOW I'LL GO DOWN.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG CAN WE STAND AROUND HERE SHIVERING?

THERE'S NOT MUCH USE CALLING FOR HELP. THE NEAREST FARM-HOUSE IS A GOOD WAYS AWAY.

THE SEASHELLS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, EDISON.



IT'S SIMPLE, FIRST YOU CUT OFF THE TIP OF THE SHELL AND THEN BORE A HOLE ABOUT HALFWAY ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE SHELL! THERE!



SAY, THAT SHELL TRUMPET SOUNDS LIKE A REGULAR FOGHORN. SOMEBODY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HEAR THAT.



AND AT THE NEAR-BY FARMHOUSE.....

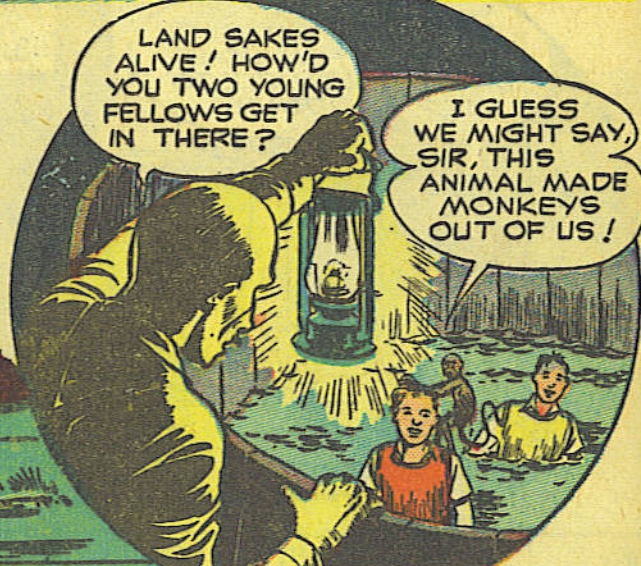
SOUNDS LIKE AN OWL FUSSIN' OUT THERE.

THAT'S NO OWL, EMMY. I'M GOING OUT 'N' HAVE ME A LOOK AROUND.



BY GEORGE IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE WATER TANK.

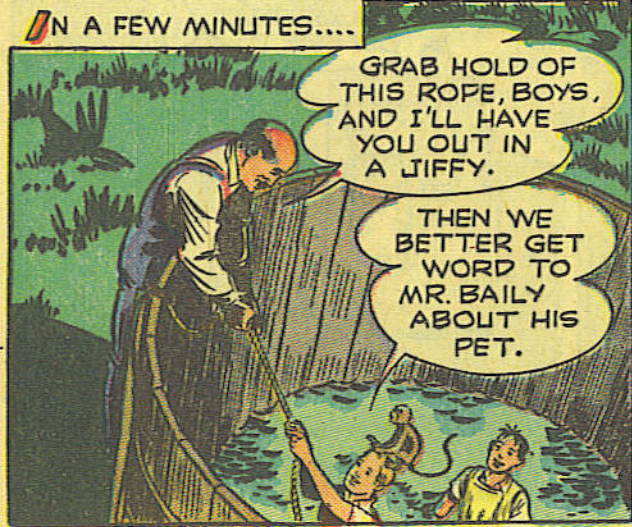
WOOOOO...



LAND SAKES ALIVE! HOW'D YOU TWO YOUNG FELLOWS GET IN THERE?

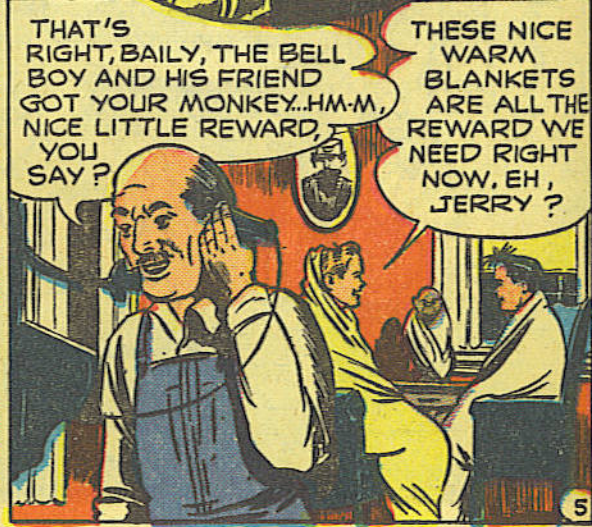
I GUESS WE MIGHT SAY, SIR, THIS ANIMAL MADE MONKEYS OUT OF US!

IN A FEW MINUTES....



GRAB HOLD OF THIS ROPE, BOYS, AND I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY.

THEN WE BETTER GET WORD TO MR. BAILY ABOUT HIS PET.



THAT'S RIGHT, BAILY, THE BELL BOY AND HIS FRIEND GOT YOUR MONKEY...HM-M, NICE LITTLE REWARD, YOU SAY?

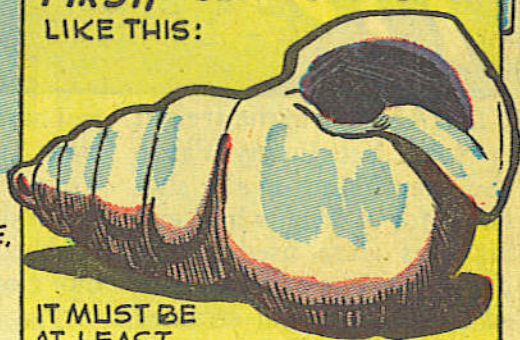
THESE NICE WARM BLANKETS ARE ALL THE REWARD WE NEED RIGHT NOW, EH, JERRY?

ANYONE CAN MAKE THIS **CONCH HORN**



CONCH HORNS CAN BE USED IN MANY WAYS: TO CALL YOUR GANG TOGETHER, AS A WARNING HORN WHEN YOU ARE OUT ON YOUR BIKE, ETC.

FIRST, GET A CONCH SHELL LIKE THIS:



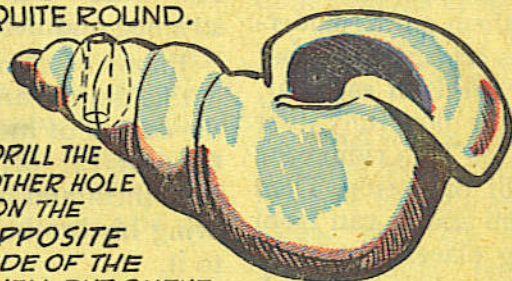
IT MUST BE AT LEAST $\frac{1}{4}$ INCHES LONG.

IN THE DEEP SOUTH THESE SHELL HORNS WERE USED ON THE PLANTATIONS TO CALL THE HELP FROM THE FIELDS.



TWO,

HOLES MUST BE DRILLED: ONE, TO BLOW THROUGH, LOCATED ON TOP OF THE SHELL ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY FROM THE LIP OPENING. MAKE IT $\frac{3}{4}$ " IN DIAMETER BUT NOT QUITE ROUND.



DRILL THE OTHER HOLE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SHELL BUT ON THE SAME WHIRL. MAKE IT ABOUT $\frac{3}{8}$ " IN DIAMETER.

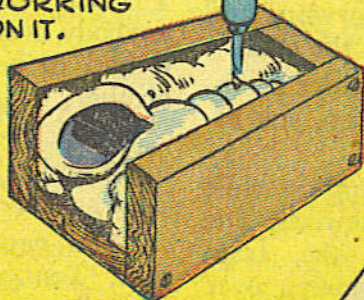
THEY WERE ALSO USED BY THE NATIVES ON MANY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS TO CALL THE TRIBES TOGETHER FOR TRIBAL MEETINGS OR WHEN HOSTILE WARRIORS WERE APPROACHING.



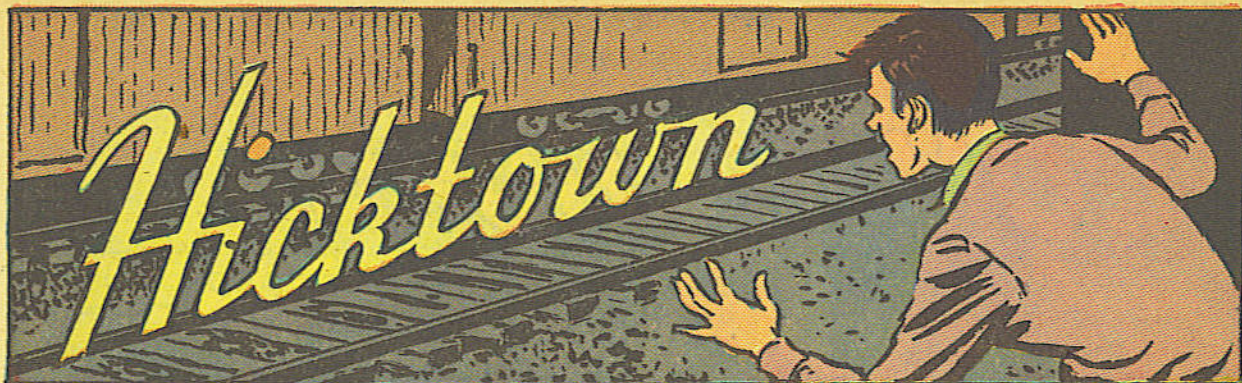
NATIVE METHOD OF DRILLING THE SHELL.

MAKE A JIG OR HOLDER TO KEEP THE SHELL FROM SLIPPING WHILE YOU ARE WORKING ON IT.

PACK COTTON AROUND THE SHELL.



THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT - NOW, PUT IT TO YOUR LIPS AND BLOW.



IT WAS dark in the freight yard, but Jimmy Fargo had been hiding in the shadows for a long while and his eyes were used to the blackness. The engine snorted and puffed and strained forward. The loose couplings tightened, clanked all down the line of the cars as the long freight moved slowly forward.

Jimmy strained his eyes, focusing them on the underslung rods between the front and rear wheels of each car. He thought hopefully that he might see Tom riding the rails out of Bridgeton. Then he saw him and he ran from his hiding place.

"Tom," he shouted, "don't go!"

When Jimmy reached his brother the train already was picking up speed and was reaching the network of tracks leading to the roadbed of the main line. Jimmy sprang forward and grabbed Tom by the coat.

"Let go!" the elder brother snarled. "Let go, you little fool!"

But Jimmy hung on while Tom clung to the rods. The momentum of the train yanked him stumbling over the rails. He fell forward. Tom looked back and saw Jimmy trip, land across the

rail as the rear wheel of the train rolled toward him. Tom Fargo dropped from the rods to the ground and grabbed Jimmy, dragged him clear of the tracks.

The elder brother hauled Jimmy to his feet and pressed his face close to the kid's.

"I could lace you up right here!" Tom said blackly. His face was taut and strained and nerves raw.

Jimmy's chin trembled, but he did not answer. From the corner of his eye he saw the last car of the freight pass them and he dared not bring his brother's attention to it.

At last he said: "You gotta come back, Tom. You can't run out of Bridgeton tonight."

Tom looked after the fading lights of the caboose and shook his head.

"That's the rottenest thing anybody ever did to me and it had to be you, my own brother."

Jimmy grinned in the night and raised his hand to Tom's arm.

"You can't run off like that, Tom. Come on back home."

Tom started forward. "What else can I do now?"

he asked bitterly. "But there'll be a train out of this dump tomorrow night or the next or the next. Some time I'll make it."

"Yeah," Jimmy answered. "But not tonight."

Tom Fargo, his head down, walked fast across the hard cinder bed of the yard. Jimmy half ran to keep up with him.

"I know you don't like the town, Tom," he said, "but how do you know you'll like another one?"

"Anything would be better than this hole," Tom answered tersely. "Eighteen bucks a week to work ten hours a day as a grocery clerk. And then at that having Old Man Lorentz thinking he's doing *me* a favor. I tell you, Jimmy, I'm getting out of here! I'm going to the city — where the money is! Where the people mind their own business. Where they don't watch everything you do. Where they don't look to see what side of the tracks you were born on before they accept you."

Tom had slowed down now and as Jimmy caught up to him he placed a hand on the kid's shoulder.

"I don't blame you, kid. I'm sorry I spoke so rough. I'm burned up and plenty

disgusted and I'm still going to leave."

They reached the center of Bridgeton without saying much. It was nine o'clock and the town already was quiet. Store windows were dark. Only the street lamps, the neon sign in front of O'Riley's Grille and the lighted clock on the town hall separated the gloom between dusk and daylight.

Turning from Main up Birch Avenue they came upon Officers Bill Mace and Pete Hill who were walking toward them. They appeared to be merely two patrolmen leaving headquarters, each for his respective beat, but when they came up to Jimmy and Tom, each one grabbed one of Tom's arms.

"What's the idea!" Tom cried. He turned his head toward Jimmy and his eyes were blazing. "You see what you got me into now?"

"Nice going, Jimmy," Hill said. Then: "We're taking you to headquarters, Tom. Better not tug so much. You won't get away from us."

Tom stared hatefully at his brother. "You framed me for this pinch! So that's it! I should have let those car wheels go over you!"

"He doesn't mean that, Mr. Hill!" Jimmy sobbed to the cop. "You gotta believe that, Mr. Mace!"

"Of course, kid. Now let's get to headquarters."

When they reached headquarters Mr. Lorentz was there and so was Reverend Miller. Tom lowered his head, then slumped into the bench at the side of the wall. His cheeks burned and his

lips curled in a sneer. Reverend Miller came over to him.

"It was foolish to run away, Tom," he said.

Tom stared at the floor and said nothing. Reverend Miller called to Mr. Lorentz.

"Do you want to press charges?" he asked.

"No," he said. "Not yet. We haven't proved anything yet. Only I know the money for the day's business was stolen from the safe."

Tom got to his feet. He tried to speak, but his lips were dry. At first he couldn't make a sound. Finally he blurted: "You think I'd take one cent of your money?"

Suddenly Tom's shoulders sagged as the awful truth came upon him. He was in the eyes of the men in the room a criminal who had robbed his employer. And his trying to run away from Bridgeton the very night of the robbery placed the finger of guilt straight at him. He sank back into the chair and sobbed.

"Even Jimmy thinks I did it!" he cried.

Chief Miller came out of his office. He wiped his face with his handkerchief and said, "Phew, that's a relief!" Reverend Miller looked up and smiled, then placed a hand on Tom's shoulder. The chief went on: "They've picked up a couple of thugs in Eastville. They admitted they'd robbed the store. They had the dough right with them."

Tom Fargo looked up at Reverend Miller and then at Jimmy. Jimmy walked over to Tom.

"I couldn't say why I

wanted you back here," he told his brother. "You'd have run off, the way you were feeling. But we all wanted to make *sure* you weren't under any suspicion."

Tom said, "I don't catch."

Reverend Miller broke in, "You see, Tom, it looked bad for you for a little while. The money disappeared and no one, not even Jimmy, knew where you were. Jimmy said he thought he might be able to find you and went looking. So did all the rest of the force. So did the mayor. So did about everyone else in town. Not because we thought you had done it, but because we were sure you didn't."

Tom gulped and tears came into his eyes.

Chief Murphy continued where Reverend Miller had stopped: "We couldn't let our hero with a congressional medal and a purple heart even let himself in for suspicion. Now it's all right." He hesitated, then asked, "Where in heaven's name were you anyway?"

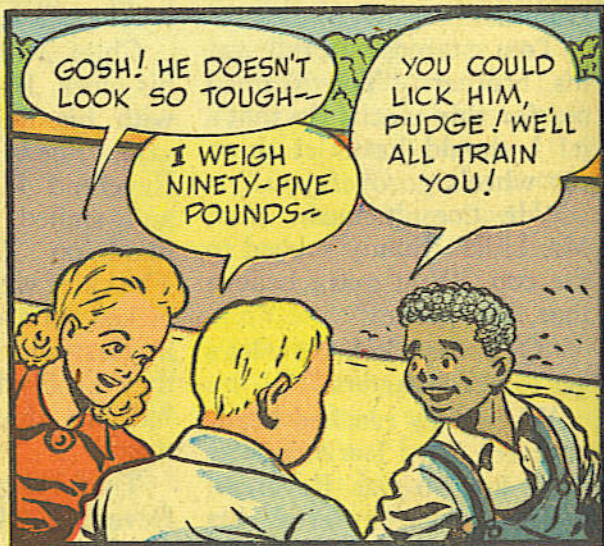
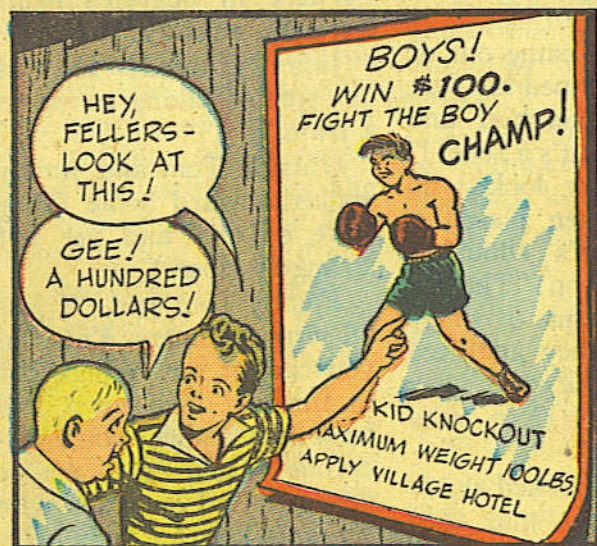
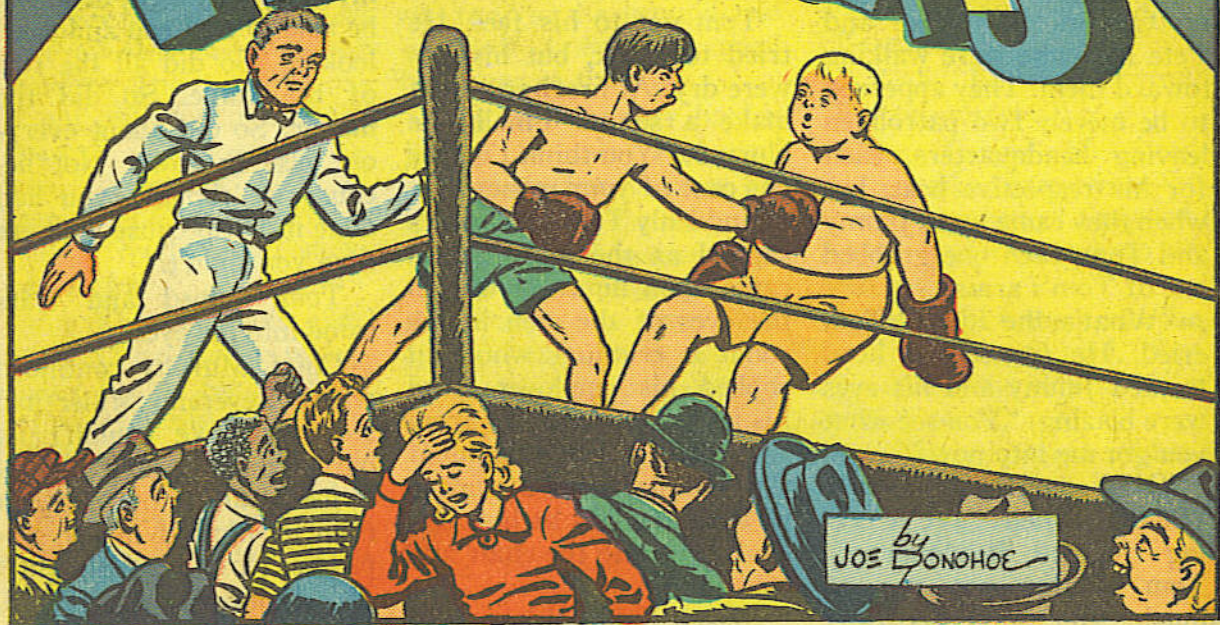
Jimmy chirped: "He was sort of taking a ride on a train."

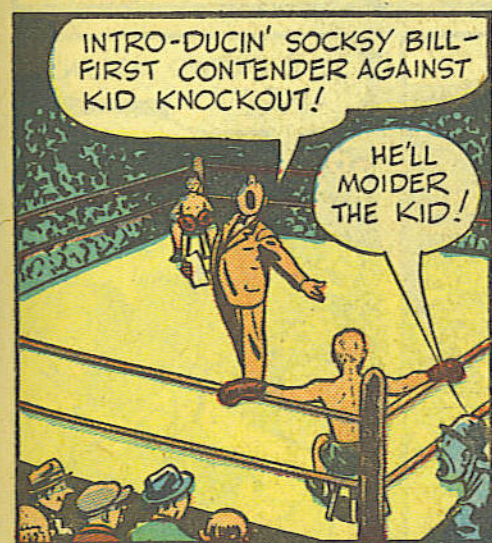
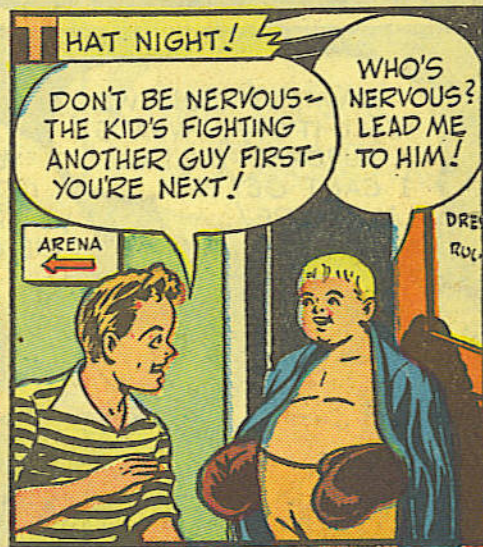
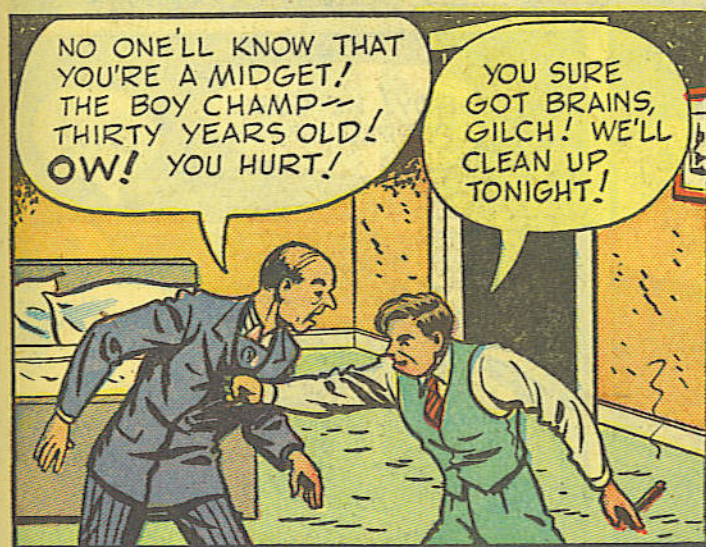
Outside Tom and Jimmy walked toward home. They were silent and yet felt strangely close.

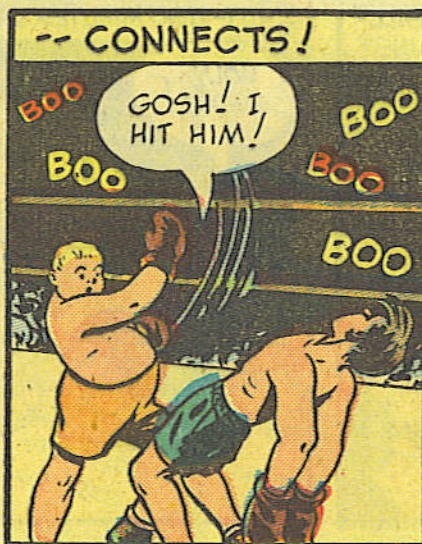
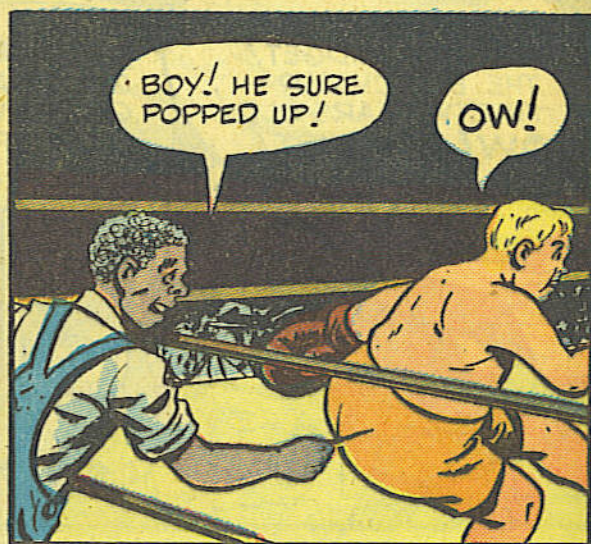
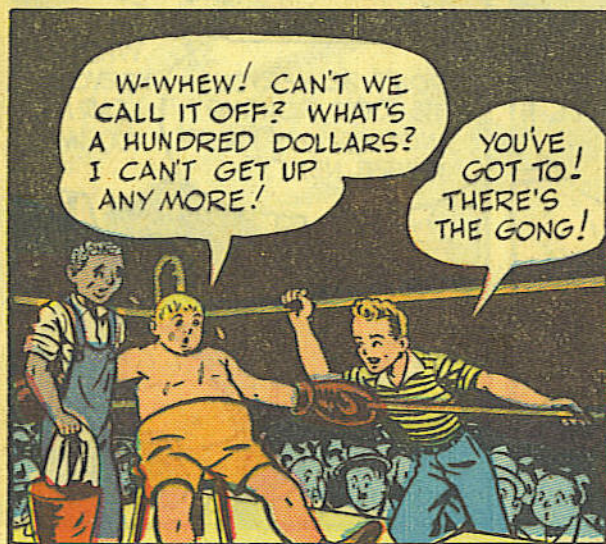
Finally Tom said: "I was all wrong, Jimmy. I'm glad you caught me. Where but in this old hick town I've been lambasting would everyone from the mayor down run all over the place trying to keep me from making a fool of myself?"

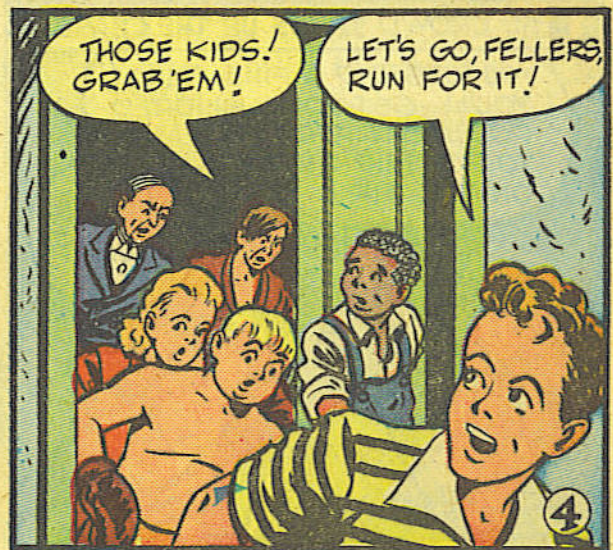
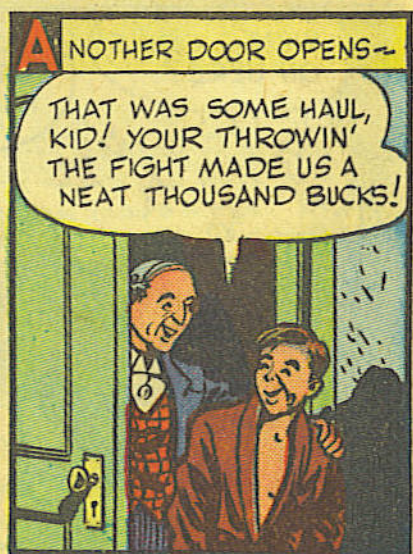
THE END

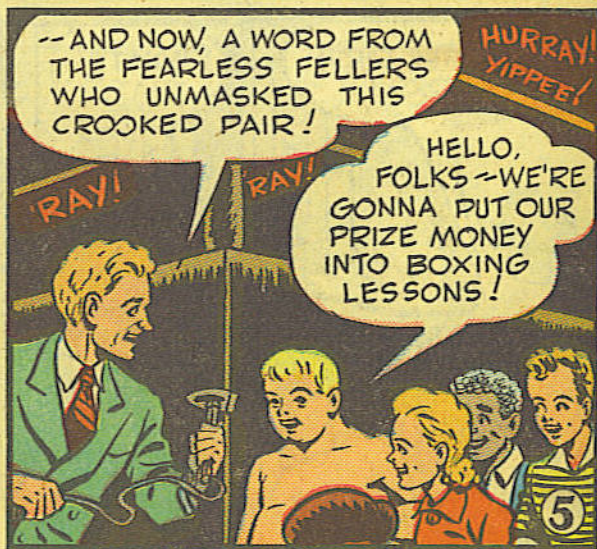
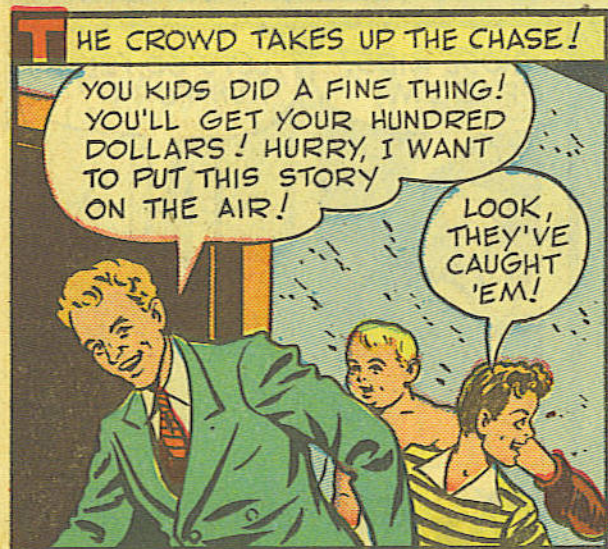
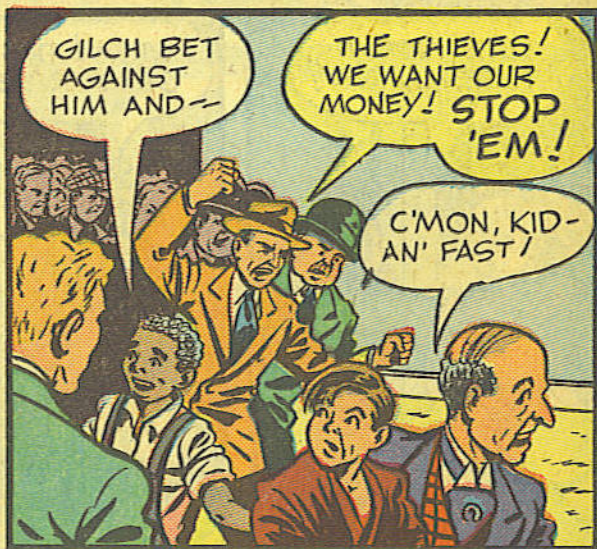
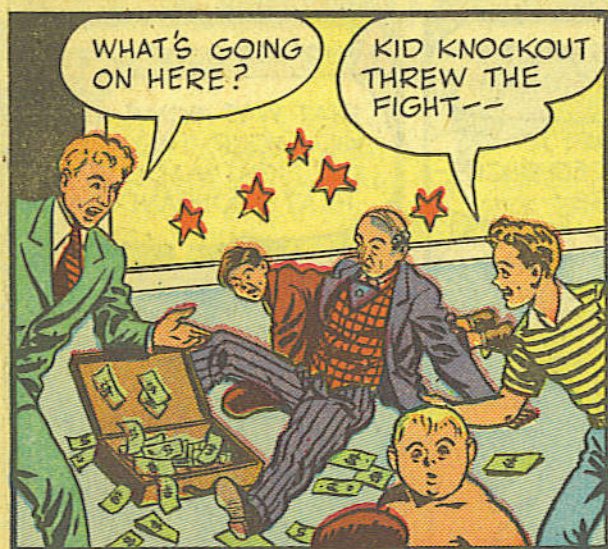
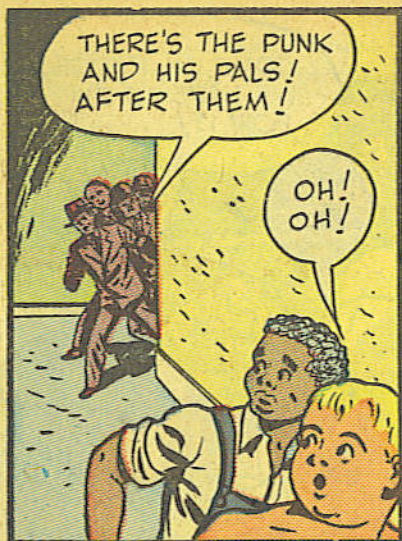
FEARLESS FELLERS







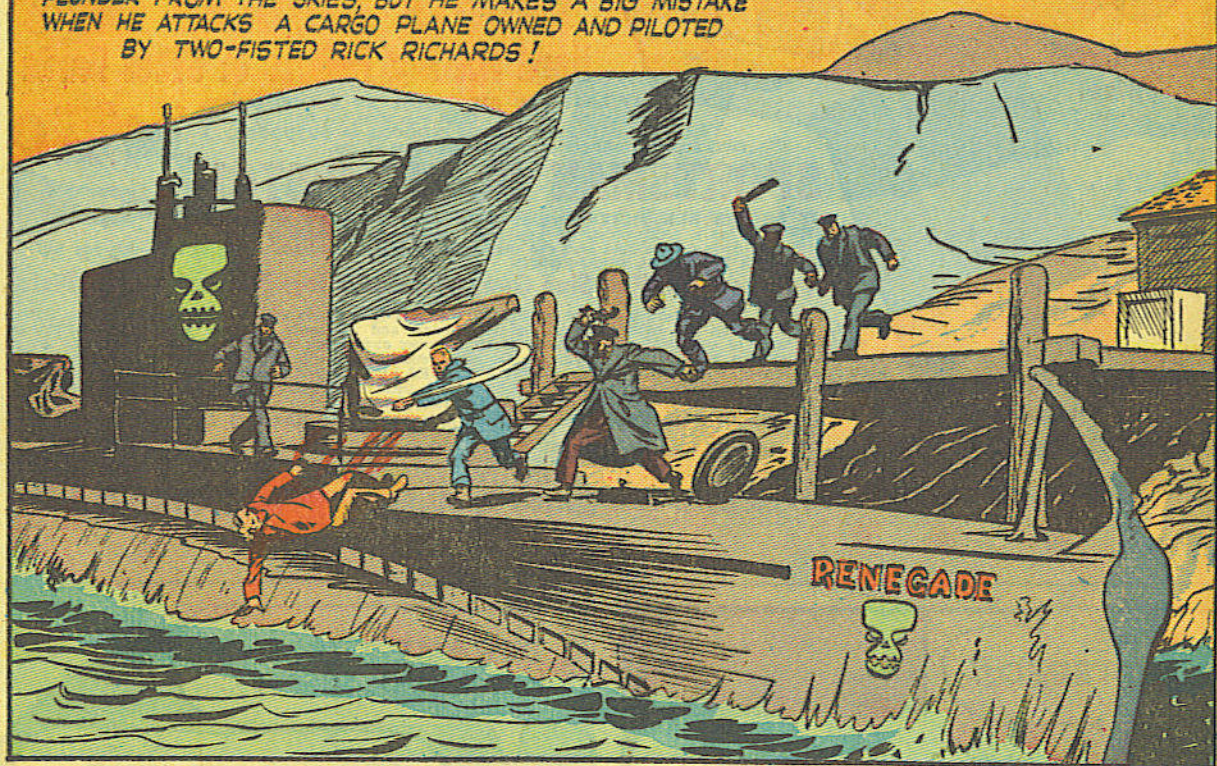




**3
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HOUSE FOR 33 YEARS****IS HE
REGISTERED?****NAW—HE ISN'T
OLD ENOUGH
TO VOTE!!****I DREAMT I HAD A
JOB LAST NIGHT!****GEE—NO WONDER
YOU LOOK SO TIRED
THIS MORNING!****HAMMER**

Rick Richards

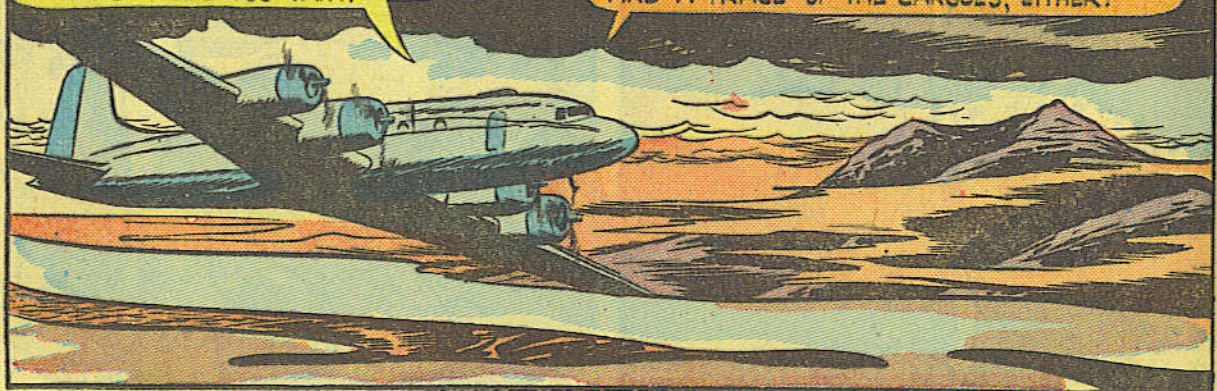
A SINISTER NEW-STYLE PIRATE CLEVERLY USES THE IMPLEMENTS OF MODERN WARFARE TO PLUCK PLUNDER FROM THE SKIES, BUT HE MAKES A BIG MISTAKE WHEN HE ATTACKS A CARGO PLANE OWNED AND PILOTED BY TWO-FISTED RICK RICHARDS!

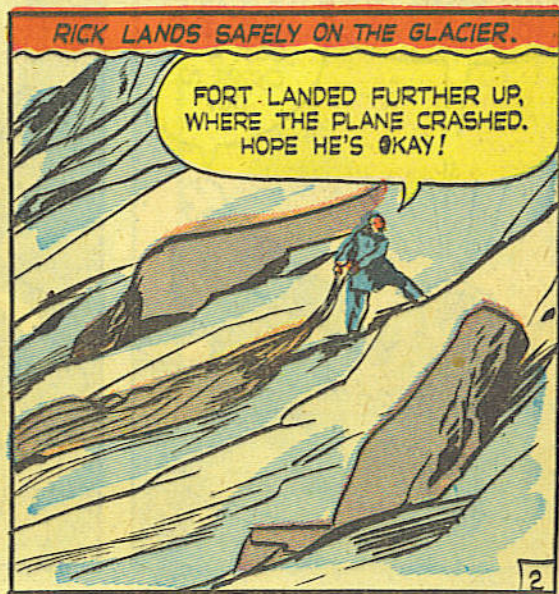
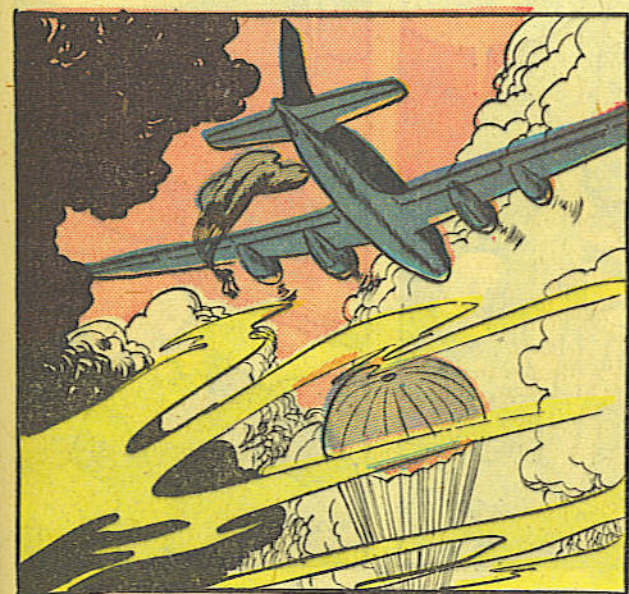
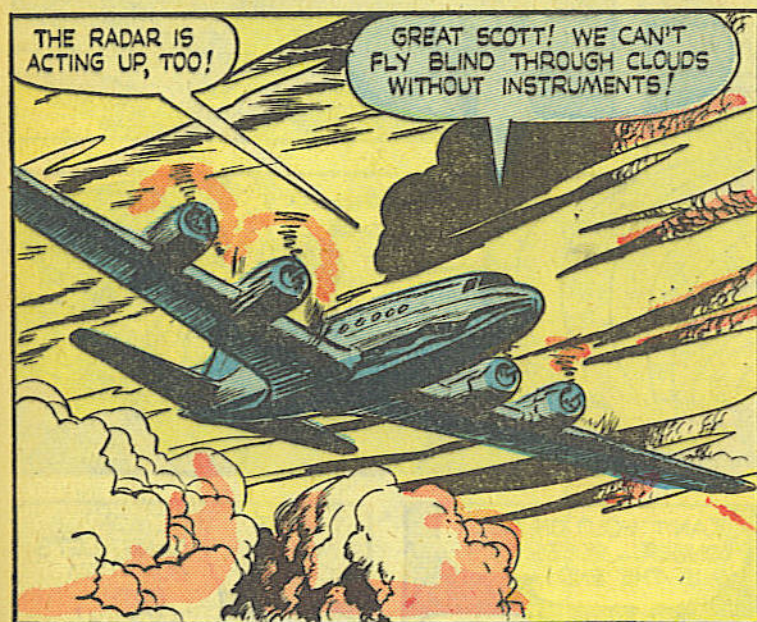
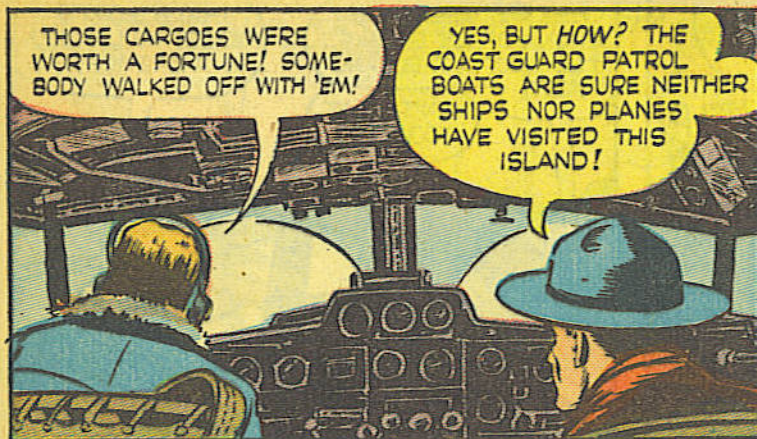


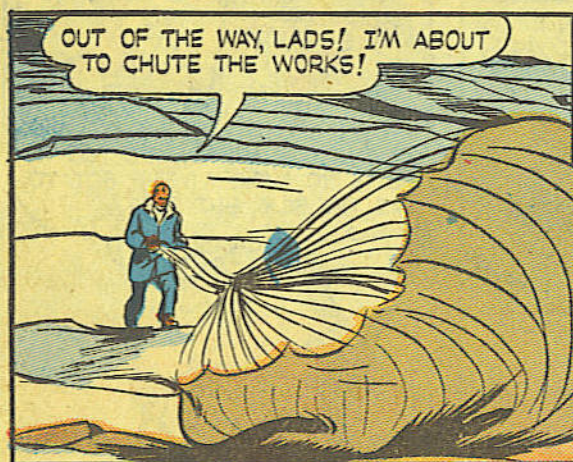
A GIANT CARGO PLANE CARRYING ONLY RICK RICHARDS AND A CANADIAN MOUNTIE HUGH FORT, ROARS TOWARD A DESERTED ISLAND OFF LABRADOR.

THREE OF MY CARGO PLANES HAVE CRACKED UP ON THIS ISLAND, FORT. THAT'S THREE TOO MANY!

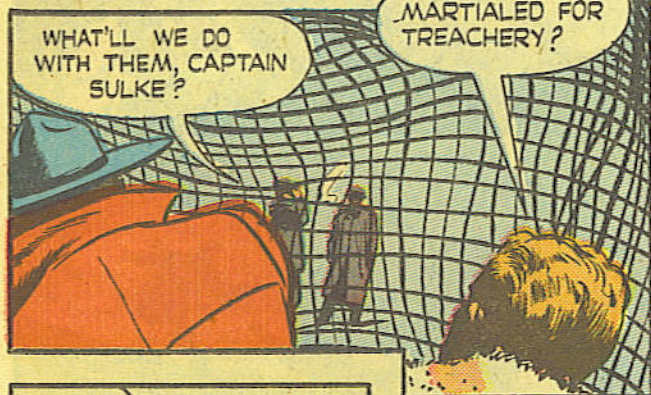
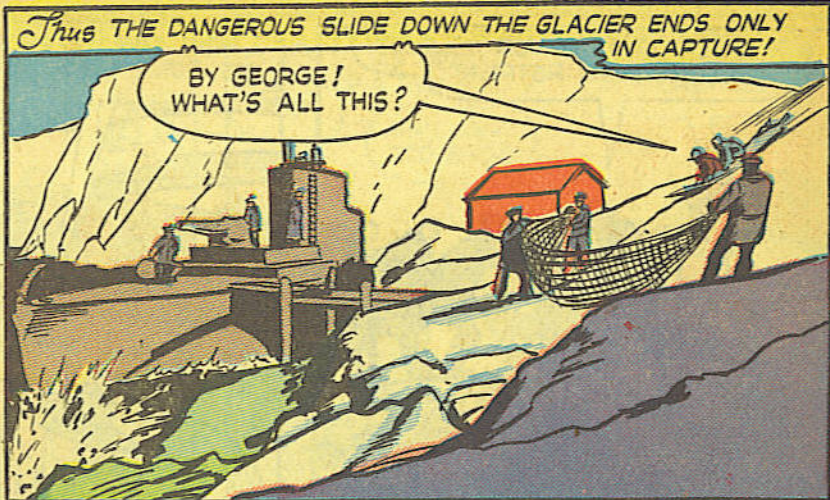
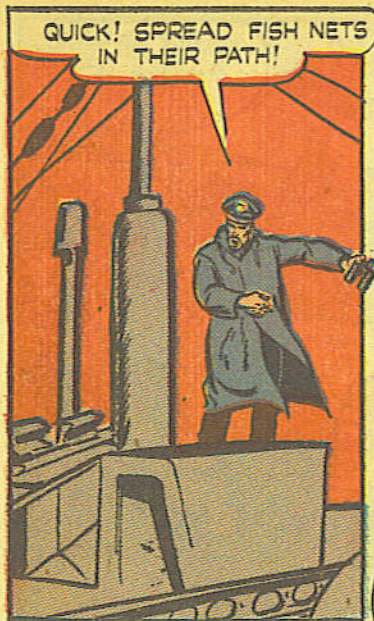
IT'S BAFFLING, RICHARDS! OUR MEN COULDN'T DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THE CRASHES--NOR FIND A TRACE OF THE CARGOES, EITHER!











NOT AT ALL. MY NEW BRAND OF PIRACY IS BOTH SAFE AND PROFITABLE, AS YOU SHALL LEARN-- BEFORE YOU DIE!

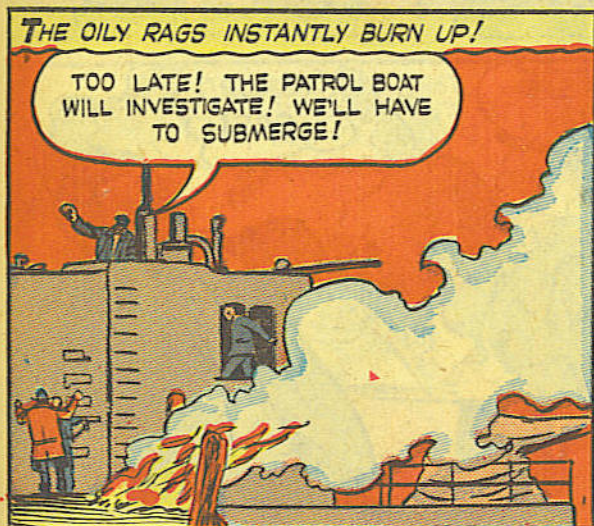


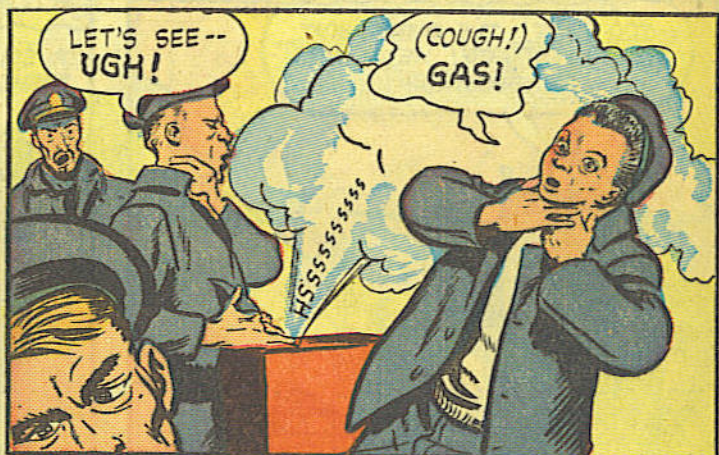
DON'T WORRY. THEY CAN'T SEE US IN THIS HARBOR. BRING THOSE TWO ABOARD!

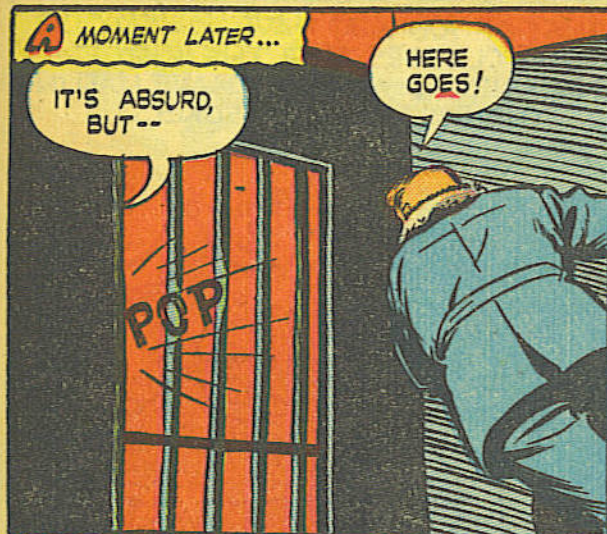
HMM -- IF I COULD LIGHT THAT HEAP OF OILY RAGS, THE SMOKE WOULD ATTRACT THE COAST GUARD!



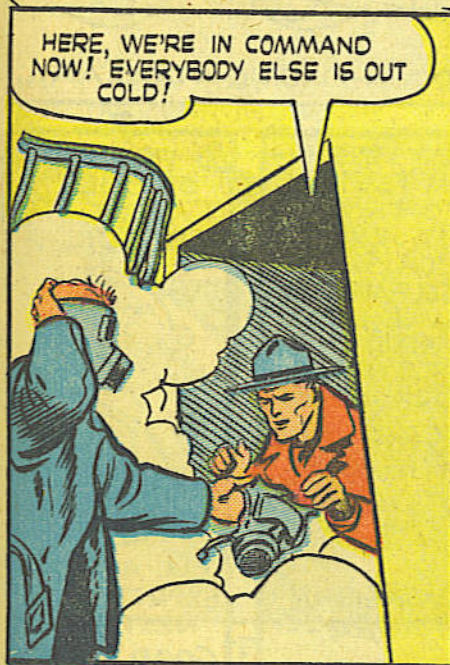
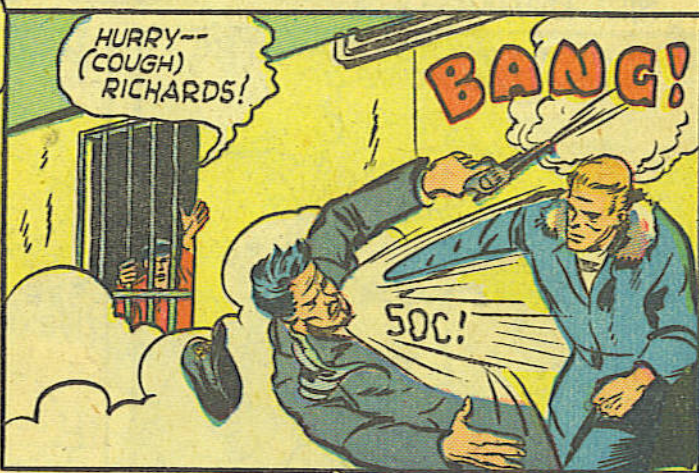
A No. 9. A glacier is a huge body of ice moving slowly down a mountain or valley.







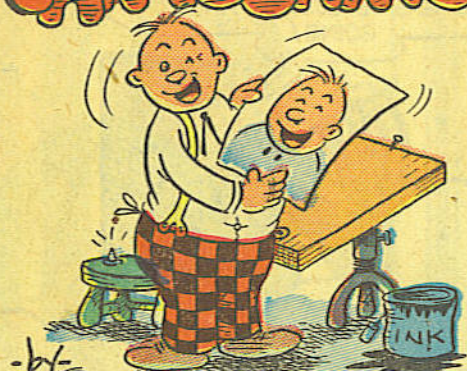
RICK'S STRANGE ADRENAL GLANDS REACT TO SHARP NOISES BY FLOODING HIM WITH GREAT STRENGTH!



RICK TURNS OVER HIS PRISONERS!



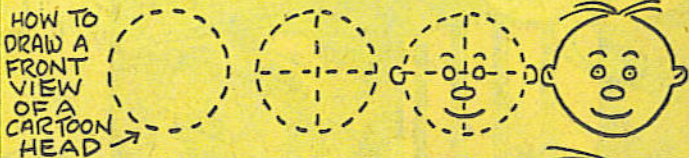
EASY CARTOONING



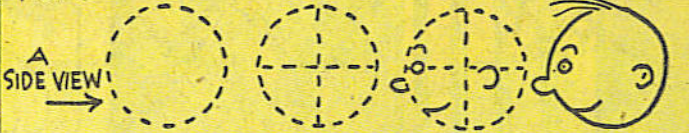
by
MICK HAMMER

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE JOINED OUR CARTOONING CLASSES FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY, HERE'S WHAT WE HAVE HAD IN THE PAST TWO LESSONS...

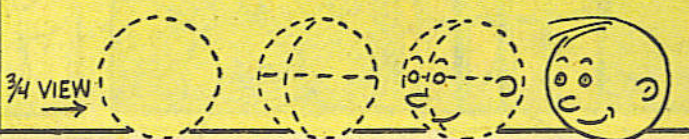
HOW TO
DRAW A
FRONT
VIEW
OF A
CARTOON
HEAD



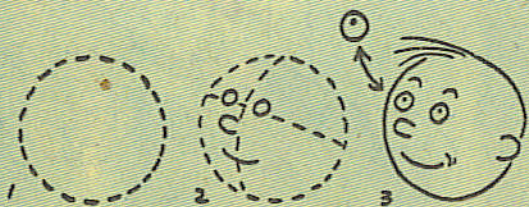
A
SIDE
VIEW



3/4
VIEW



AN EASY WAY TO DRAW THE HEAD LOOKING UP...



ALWAYS DRAW YOUR GUIDE LINES
FIRST IN LIGHT PENCIL...

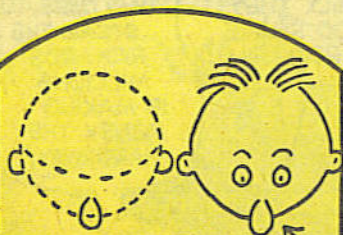
LOOKING UP AT AN AIRPLANE...



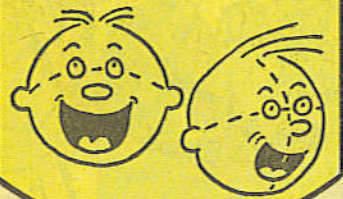
SEE HOW EASY IT IS WHEN WE
USE OUR **FREE HAND CIRCLE** FIRST...



LOOKING DOWN-FINDING A DOLLAR...



NOTICE WHERE WE
PLACE THE NOSE



BEFORE GOING TO OUR NEXT LESSON-
HERE'S A LITTLE CARTOON TEST
THAT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TRY.
THEN, AFTER COMPLETING IT, SEND IT
TO ME IN CARE OF THIS
MAGAZINE, ALONG WITH A SELF-ADDRESSED
STAMPED ENVELOPE, AND I WILL LOOK
YOUR EFFORTS OVER AND SEND THEM
BACK TO YOU WITH **CORRECTIONS,**
IF NEEDED....

- 1-DRAW 5 FREE HAND CIRCLES.
- 2-DRAW 4 FRONT VIEW HEADS.
- 3-DRAW 2 SIDE VIEWS OF THE HEAD.
- 4-DRAW 3 3/4 VIEW HEADS.

MAKE ALL OF THE DRAWINGS IN
PENCIL ON WHITE PAPER--
NO INK!!

A PREVIEW
OF OUR
NEXT
LESSON--



ALL ABOUT
EXPRESSIONS
NEXT TIME..

3 GOOD LUCK!

Sergeant Spook



"THE KNIGHT OF TERROR"

THE SARGE--A LATE POLICEMAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS SPIRIT! CROOKS CAN'T SEE HIM, BUT THEY CAN FEEL HIS WALLOP.

GOTTA SAVE JERRY. WILL I BE IN TIME?

I'LL KILL YOU!

JERRY, THE ONLY HUMAN BEING WHO CAN SEE SERGEANT SPOOK. GOTTA CRIME-FIGHTING TEAM!

EVEN THE GHOSTLY AND INVISIBLE POWERS OF SERGEANT SPOOK ARE STRAINED TO THE UTMOST WHEN JERRY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE KNIGHT OF TERROR!

DRAWN BY

HARRY ZEE HOFFMAN

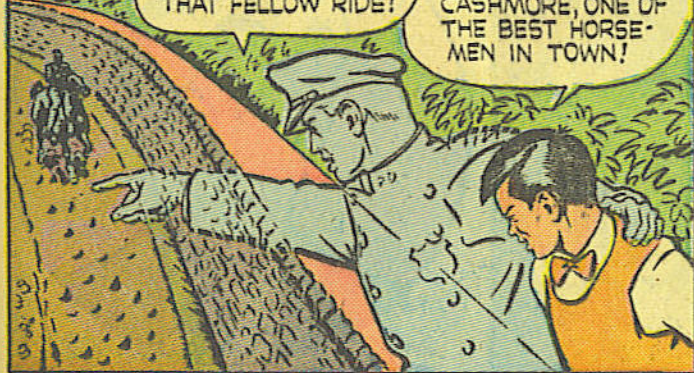
JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK REST A MOMENT IN THE PARK.

WOW! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW RIDE!

THAT'S LANCELOT CASHMORE, ONE OF THE BEST HORSE-MEN IN TOWN!

BEHIND A BUSH NEAR-BY.

WHEN THE HORSE FALLS, MY GOODY-GOODY BROTHER WILL BE THROWN AGAINST THAT STONE WALL, AND IT WILL SEEM LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

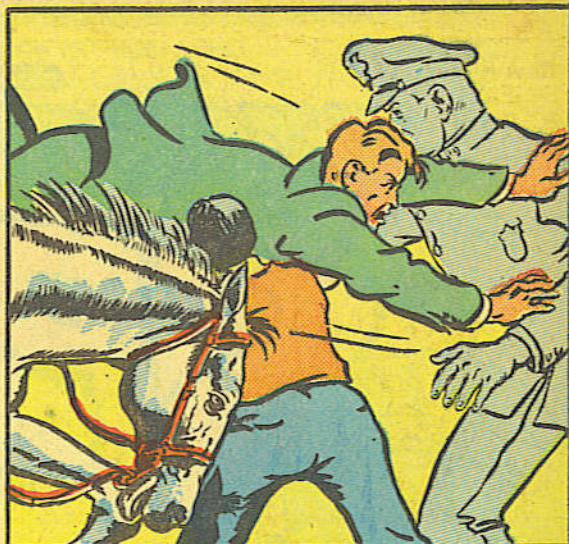


GALAHAD FIRES. HIS BULLET STRIKES THE HORSE'S LEG, BREAKING THE BONE.

WHAT--?!

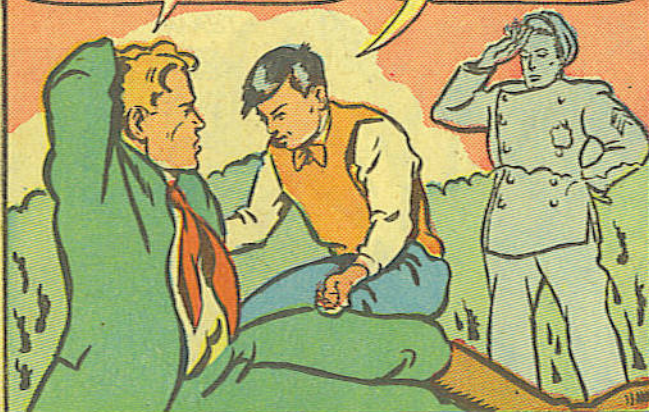
THE HORSE IS FALLING!

CATCH MR. CASHMORE QUICKLY OR HE'LL GET KILLED!



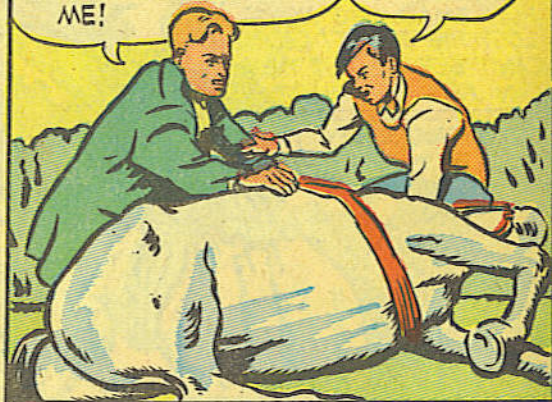
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT ALL BY YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T-- AH, THAT IS--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



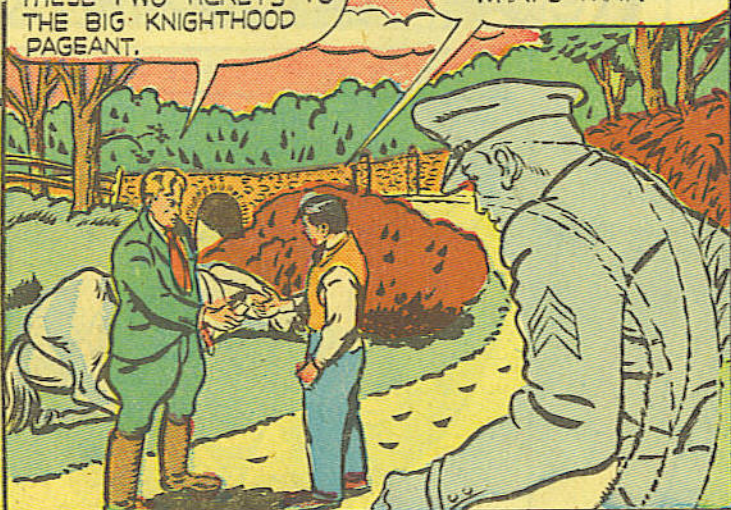
YES, I'M O.K. BUT MY POOR HORSE MUST'VE BROKEN A LEG! I MUST REWARD YOU FOR SAVING ME!

AW, I COULDN'T TAKE A REWARD.



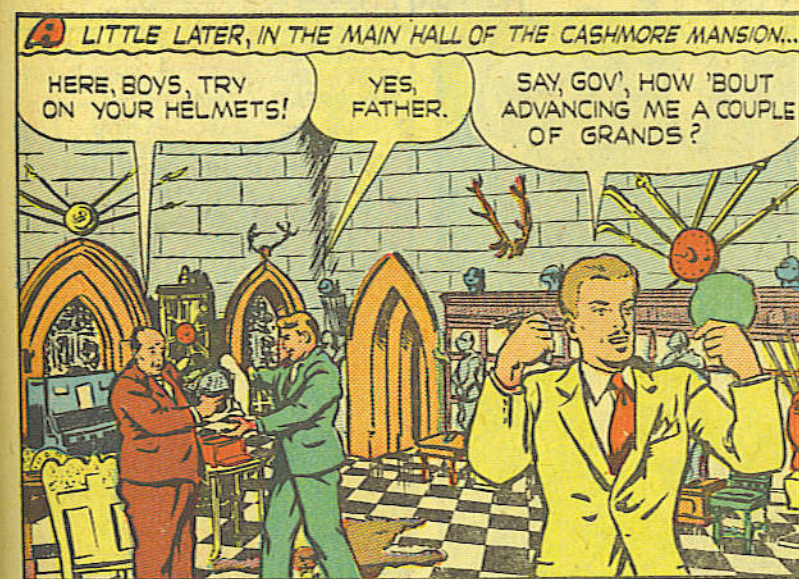
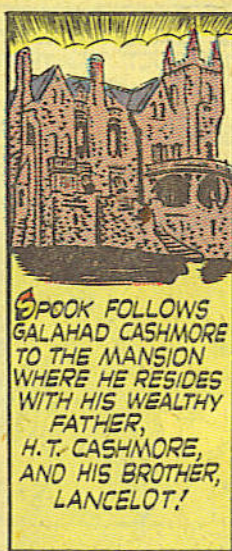
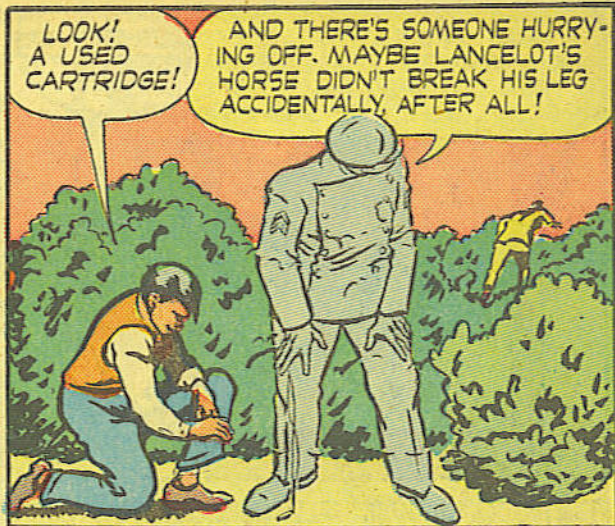
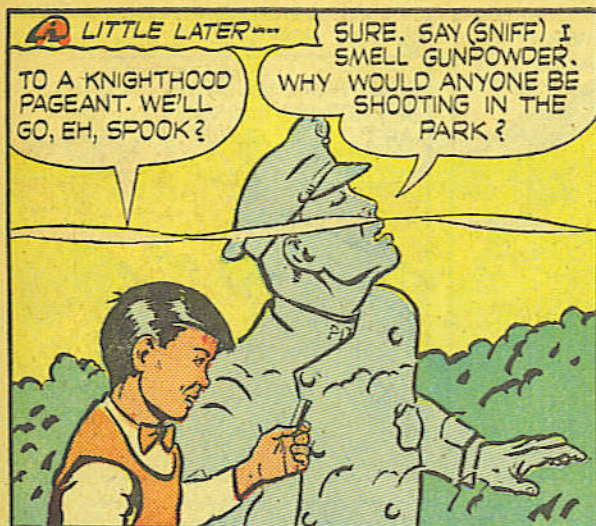
WELL, AT LEAST TAKE THESE TWO TICKETS TO THE BIG KNIGHTHOOD PAGEANT.

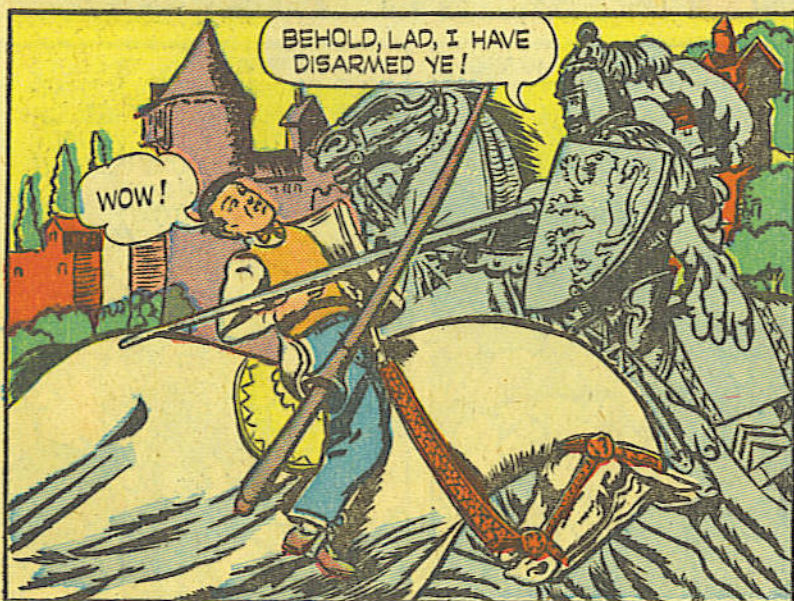
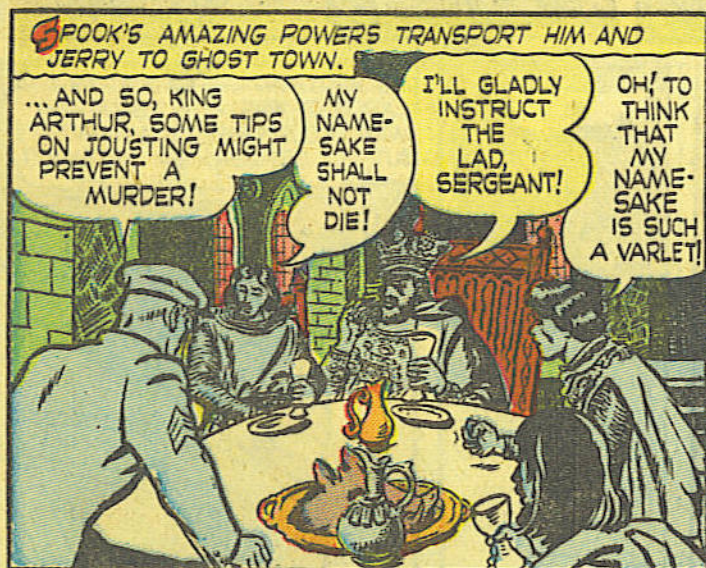
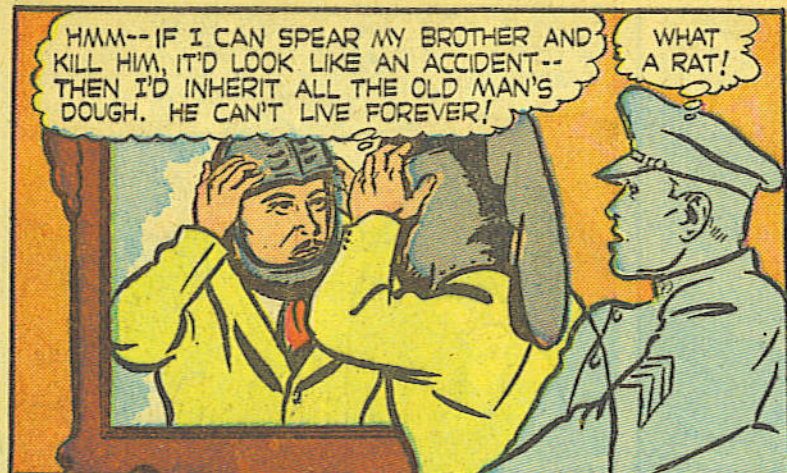
KNIGHTHOOD PAGEANT? WHAT'S THAT?

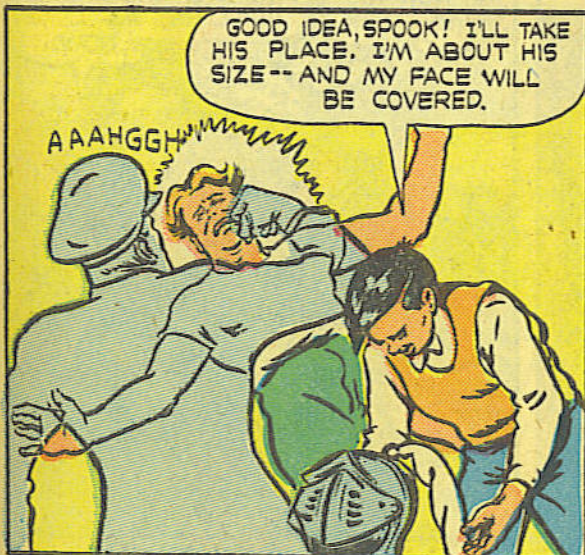
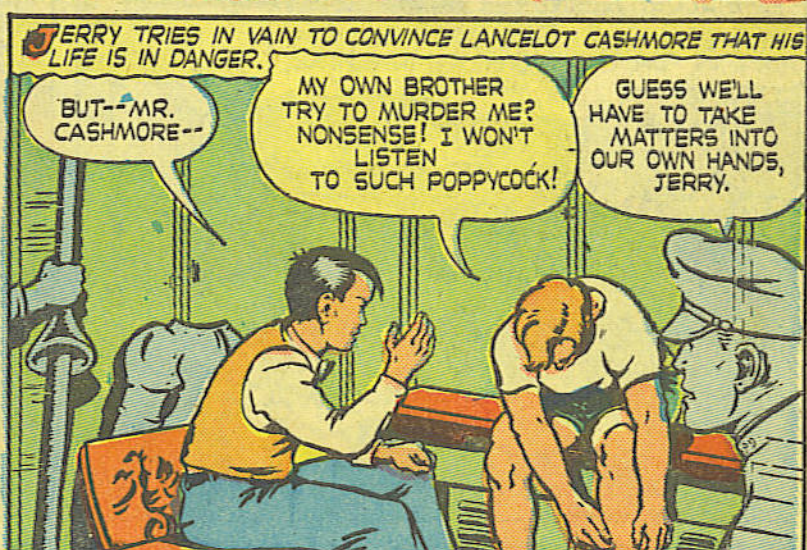
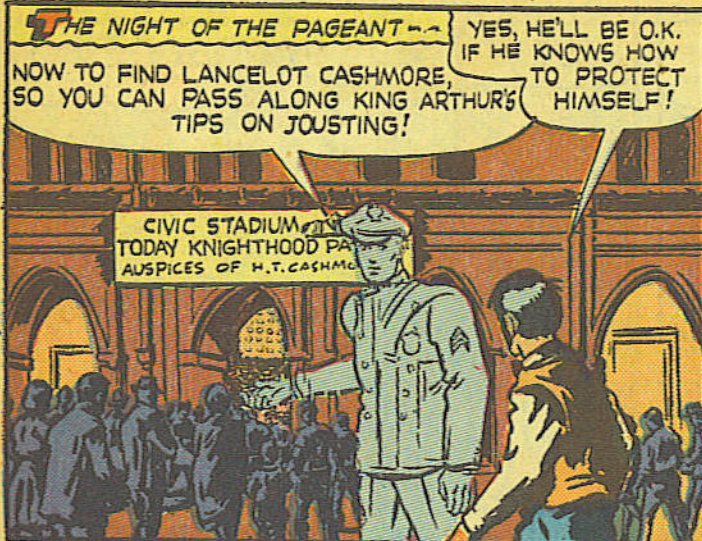


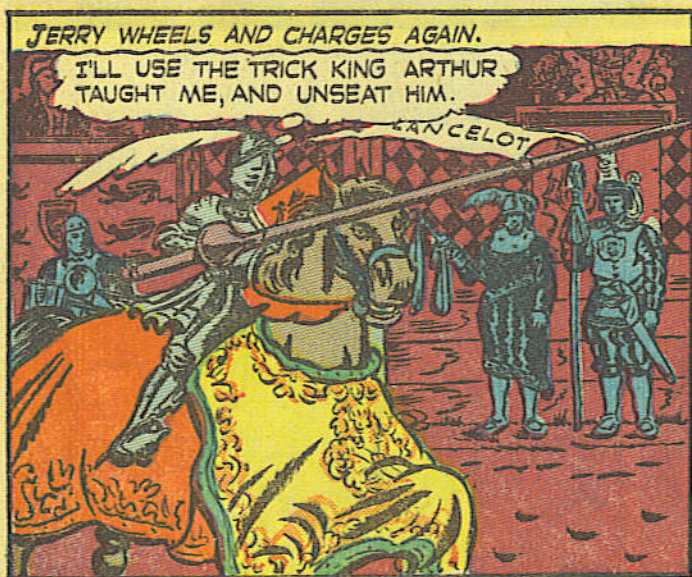
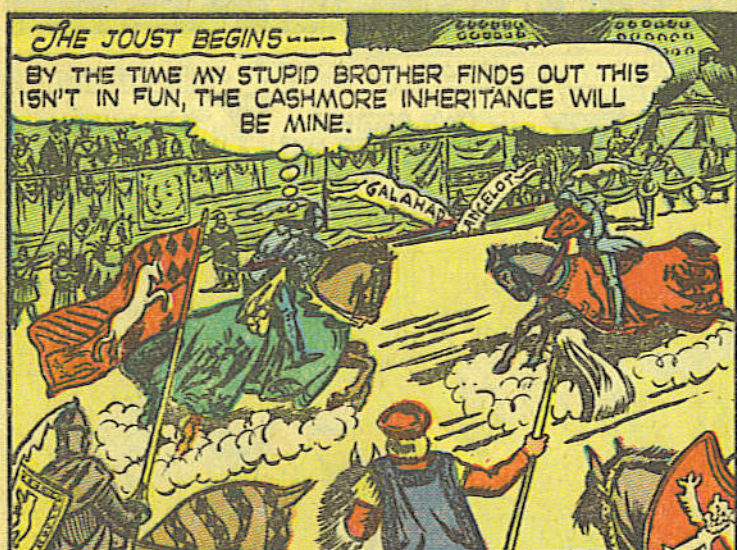
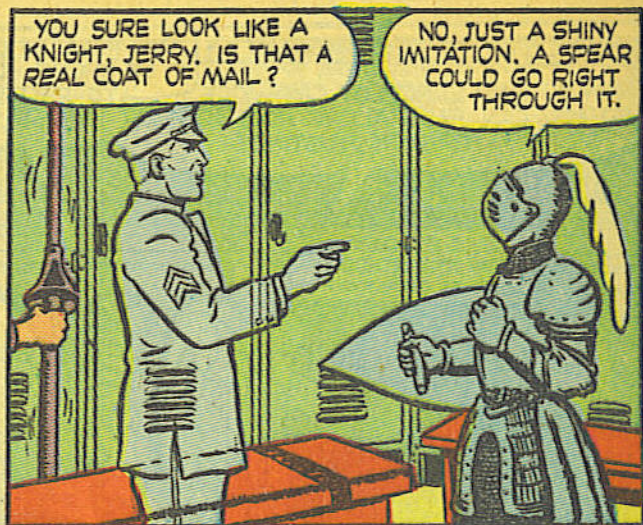
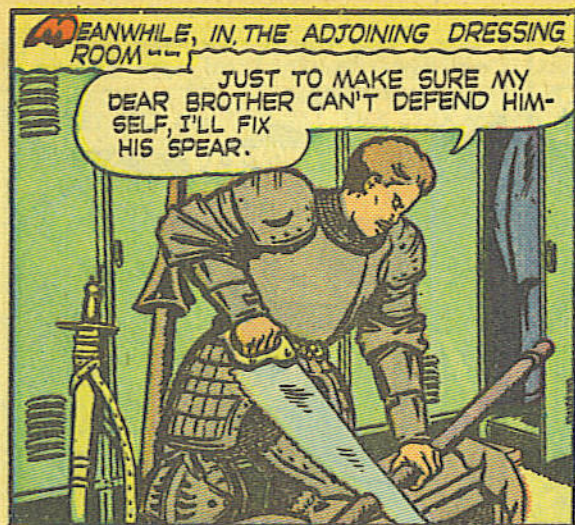
EVERY YEAR MY FATHER, A STUDENT OF CHIVALRY, PUTS ON A BIG JOUSTING TOURNAMENT JUST LIKE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, WITH KNIGHTS AND EVERYTHING. YOU'LL LIKE IT!

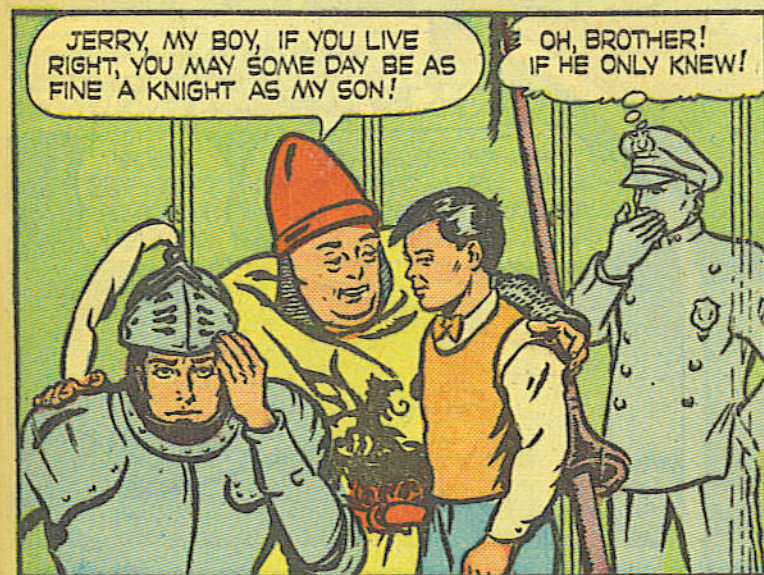
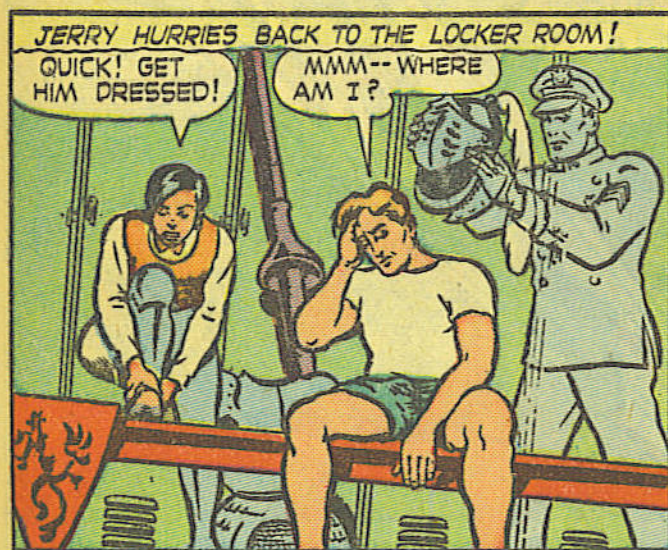
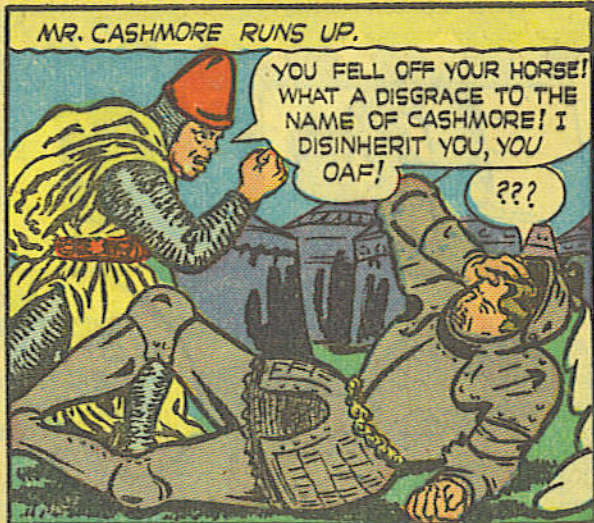
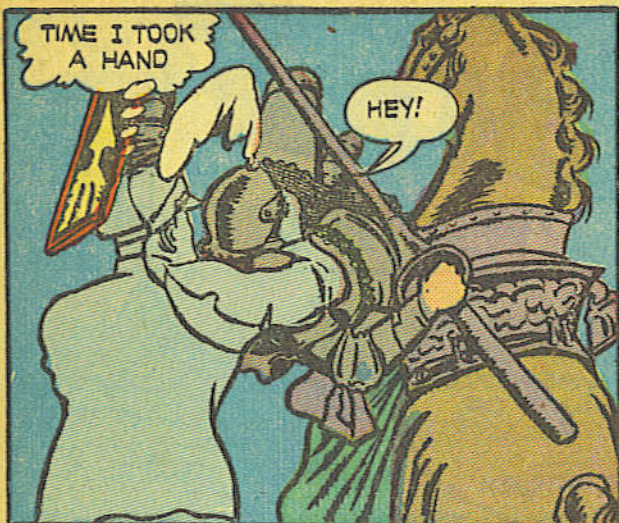












BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

HOW
DID THE DARING
PILOT FOR *GLIMPSES*,
THE PICTURE MAGAZINE,
GET THE NAME OF
BLUE BOLT?

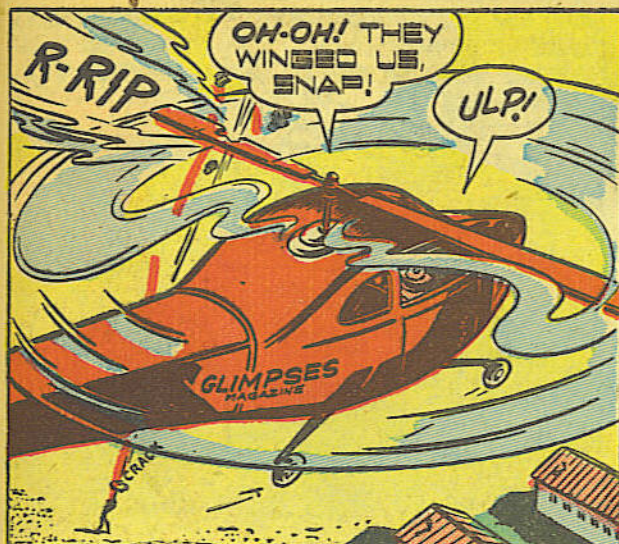
WELL,
THAT STORY
BEGINNS
WITH

A
BANG!

WITH PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP
DOODLE, BLUE BOLT COVERS
A SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION!

THE REBELS ARE
HOLED UP IN THIS FORT,
SNAP. I'LL BUZZ IT SO
YOU CAN GET FIX!

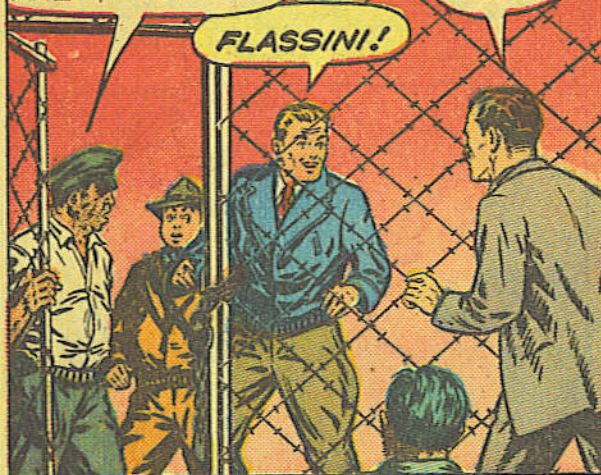
HEY!
THEY'RE
FIRING
AT US!



STAY IN THESE
AREA, PRISONERS!

BLUE
BOLT!

FLASSINI!

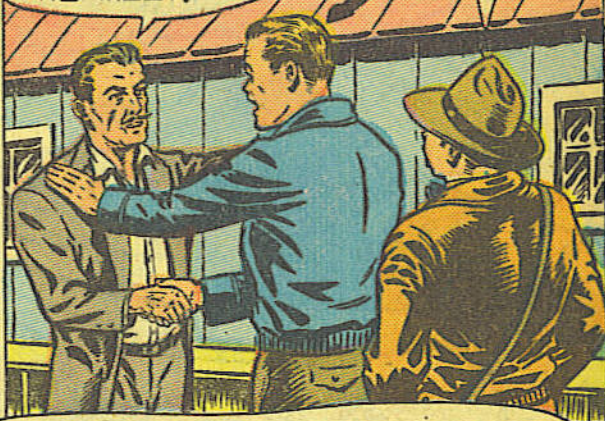


WHEN I WAS IN MY TEENS, I
JOINED FLASSINI IN A CIRCUS
ACT AND EVEN TOURED THIS
COUNTRY. WE WERE BOTH SHOT
OUT OF A CANNON! HE ZIPPED
OUT OF THE RED BARREL AND
WAS KNOWN AS THE RED
FLASH!



AH! MY OLD PARTNER!
UNDER WHAT SAD
CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MEET!

PARTNERS?
WHAT'S THE
PITCH?

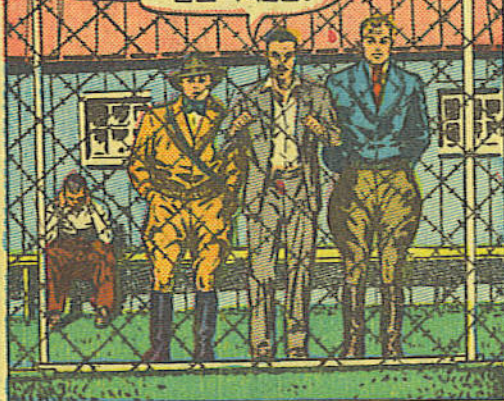


I CAME OUT OF THE BLUE BARREL.
THAT'S WHY I HAD MY NAME CHANGED
FROM FRED BOLT TO BLUE BOLT!
ACTUALLY, I CAN USE EITHER
NAME LEGALLY!

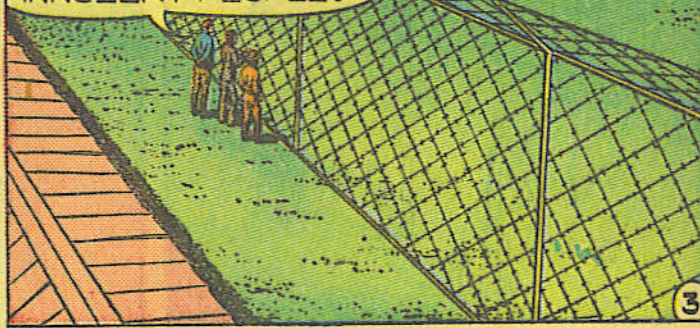
I'LL BE DAMNED!
HIYA ... FRED!

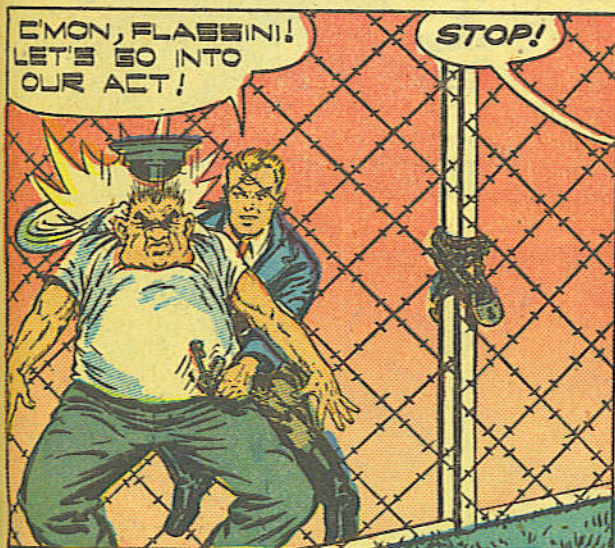
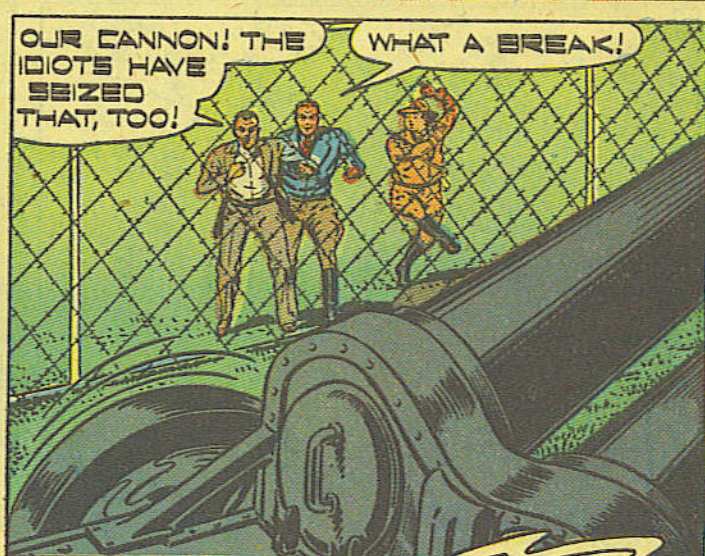
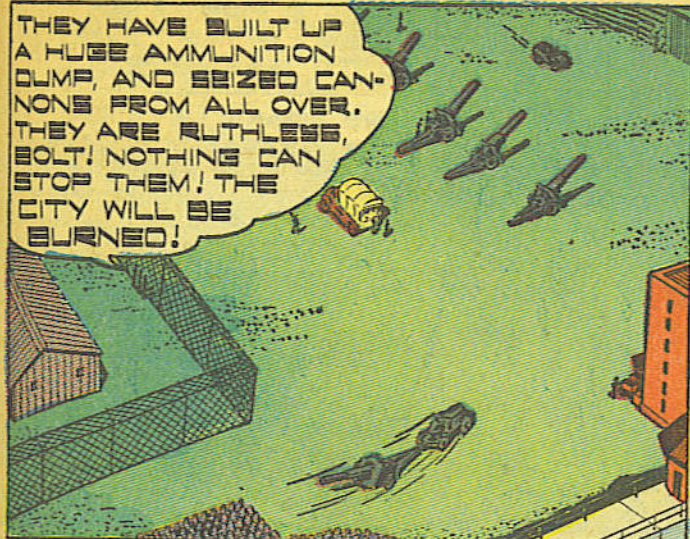


THOSE WERE THE HAPPY
DAYS...BUT THIS IS THE GRIM
ENDING! AT DAWN THOSE MUR-
DEROUS REBELS WILL KILL
US ALL!



BUT FIRST THEY COMMIT
AN EVEN WORSE CRIME!
THIS FORT OVERLOOKS MY
COUNTRY'S CAPITAL. THE
REBELS MEAN TO BLAST
THAT GREAT CITY TO BITS,
KILLING THOUSANDS OF
INNOCENT PEOPLE!







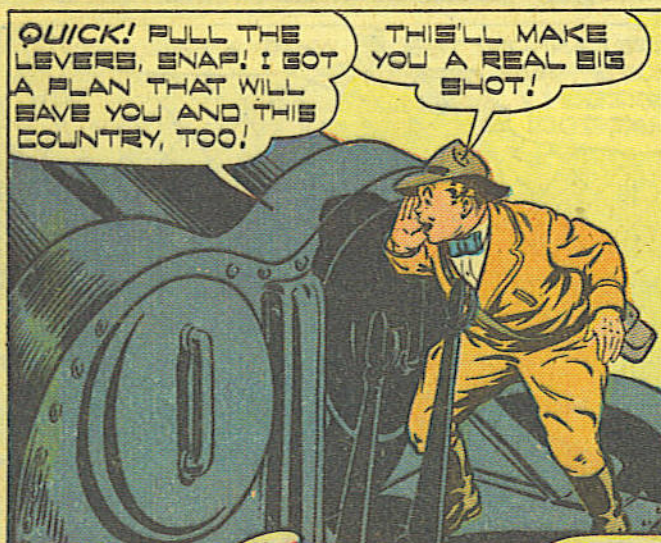
I'LL TAKE THAT
PINEAPPLE!

TAKING THE REBELS BY SURPRISE, BOLT
AND FLAGGINS SCAMPER UP THE CANNON
AND DESCEND INTO ITS BARRELS!

CARAMBA!
COME DOWN!
YOU COMMIT
SUICIDE!

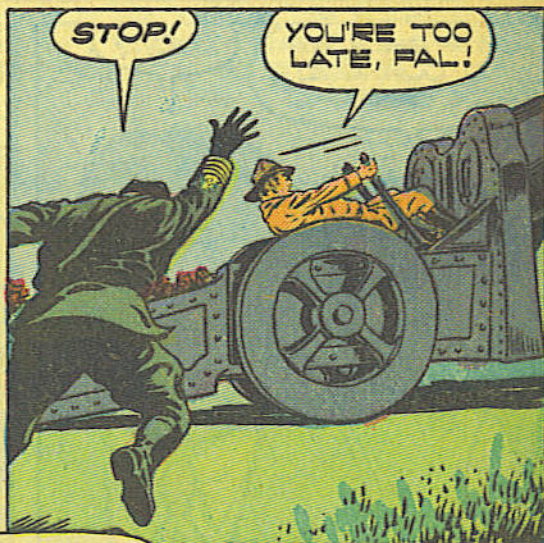
HEY ARE INSANE!

G-GOEH,
BOLT...UH...
FARD, HOW
ABOUT ME?



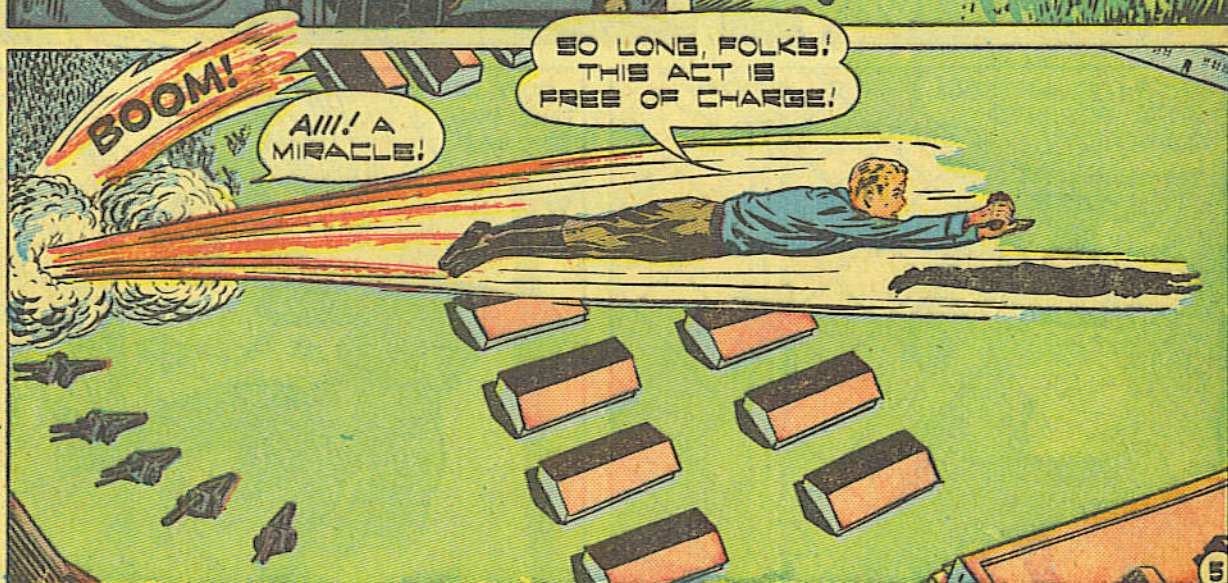
QUICK! PULL THE
LEVERS, SNAP! I GOT
A PLAN THAT WILL
SAVE YOU AND THIS
COUNTRY, TOO!

THIS'LL MAKE
YOU A REAL BIG
SHOT!



STOP!

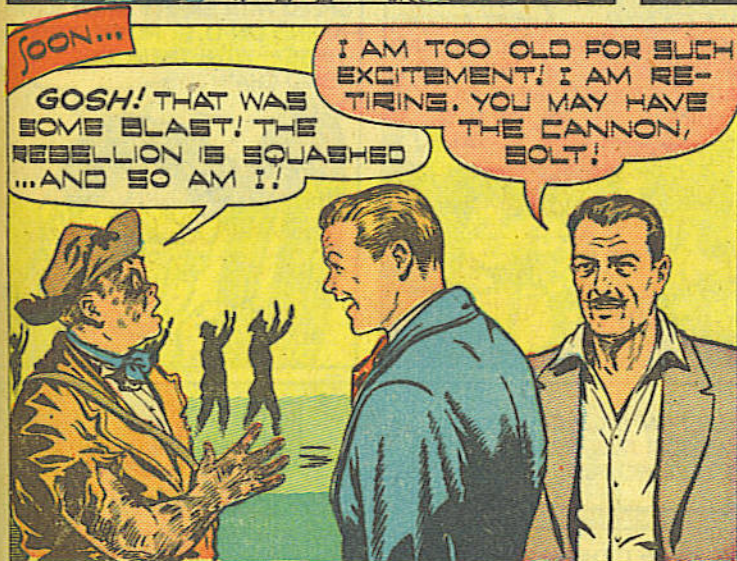
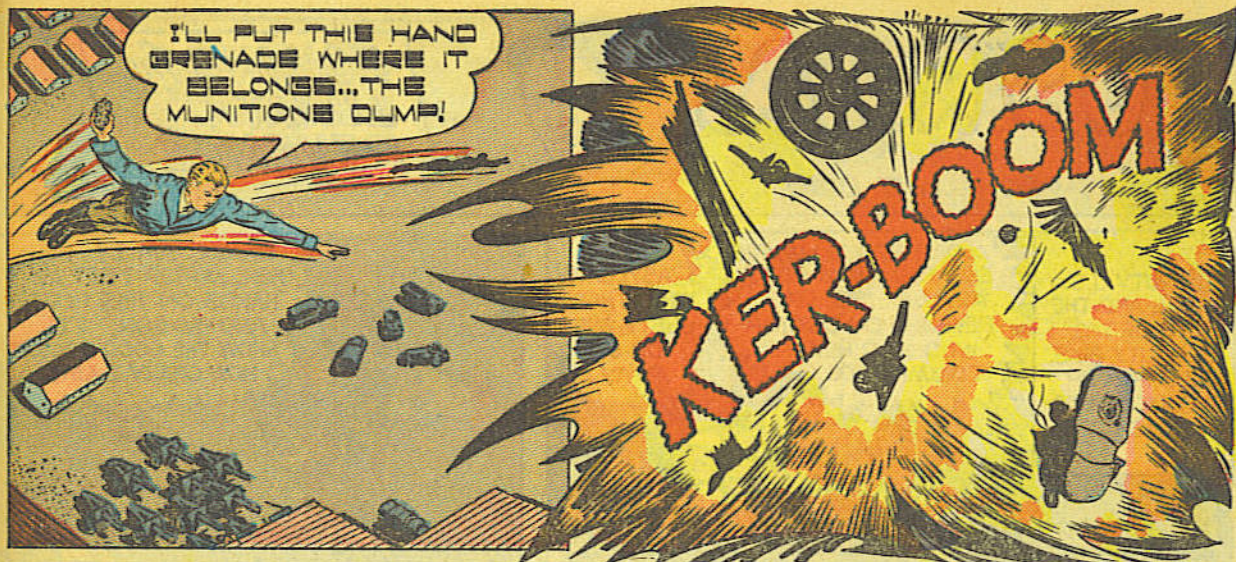
YOU'RE TOO
LATE, PAL!



BOOM!

AIII! A
MIRACLE!

SO LONG, FOLKS!
THIS ACT IS
FREE OF CHARGE!



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

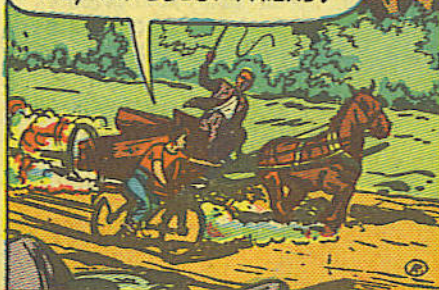


THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

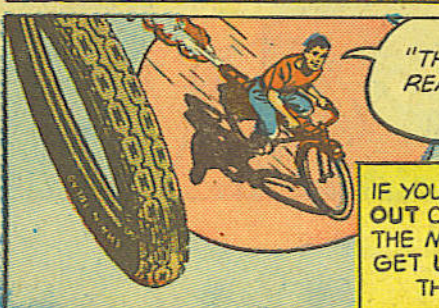
GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

REMEMBER-THE
EARLY BIRD
ALWAYS GETS
THE WORM!!

POOF!

WELL, HE'S
WELCOME TO
IT!!!

MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT
GRANDPA CAME OVER
ON THE MAYFLOWER!!

THAT'S NICE! HOW
LONG IS HE GOIN'
TO STAY?

SPLASH

HERE'S A GUY WHO
LOCKED HIS FATHER
IN AN ICEBOX!!

TCH!
TCH!

WHAT DID HE
WANT-COLD
POP?

GEE-HOW DID YOU EVER
GET FRECKLES ON YOUR
TONGUE, HUH?

FROM EATIN' SWISS
CHEESE IN THE
SUN!!!

TEE
HEE!

NEW DIRECT MAIL PLAN SAVES YOU BIG MONEY!

DE LUXE QUALITY SCOTCH PLAID Fibre AUTO SEAT COVERS



*Slips on
in a jiffy!
Fits
most cars!*

Check These QUALITY Features

- * Colorful, Water Repellent Scotch Plaid Fibre
- * Rich leatherette inserts at points of greatest strain
- * Elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit
- * Heavily stitched seams for extra long wear

STYLE SA

4-door sedan
with 1-pc. seats
and backs.

STYLE SB

2-door sedan
with split back,
1-pc. seat.

STYLE SC

2-door sedan
with separate
seats.

STYLE CA

Coupe with
1-pc. back.

STYLE CC

Coupe with
2-pc. back.

HOW TO ORDER SEAT COVERS

Referring to your license card,
list the **make, year,**
and **model** of your car.
Also give model number, body type.
Also state seat style of your car
as shown in illustrations at left.
Put all information in coupon below
and MAIL TODAY!

*Ask the Man
Who Owns One!
Over 50,000
Satisfied Users!*

SPECIAL! FOR CAR OWNERS WHO APPRECIATE THE REALLY GOOD THINGS IN LIFE!



COVERS ENTIRE BACK
OF FRONT
SEAT

An out-of-this-world bargain in
Super-Fit, Easy-To-Install

Custom Quality Seat Covers

- * Superb Materials
- * Skilled Craftsmanship
- * Luxurious Beauty
- * Long-Life Durability

**SOLD ONLY BY MAIL
Order Direct and Save**

SEND NO MONEY

Pay postman price of covers or-
dered plus postage or send cash
and we pay postage. If not com-
pletely delighted return to us
within 5 days for refund under
our "you must be pleased-or
your money-back" guarantee!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. FSC-45
9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Ala.

Please rush me the following Seat Covers checked below:

☐ DeLuxe Quality front seat \$3.98 ☐ DeLuxe Quality complete set \$4.79

☐ Custom Quality front seat \$5.50 ☐ Custom Quality complete set \$9.95

MAKE _____ YEAR _____ MODEL _____

Body Type _____ Seat Style ☐ Style SA ☐ Style SB ☐ Style SC ☐ Style CA ☐ Style CC

Check ☐ I am enclosing \$ _____ Ship postpaid.

One ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$ _____ plus postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Coupons and Front Seats
\$6.50
each

Sedans and Coupes Complete Set
\$9.95
each

Price in Canada add 50c.
No C.O.D.'s

Never Before At Such An Amazing Low Price!

BATTERY Modernair RADIO

* Long Life
BATTERY
OPERATION

* Costs Less Than 1c
Per Hour to Operate!

* Powerful
VACUUM TUBE
RECEPTION



Included
AT NO EXTRA COST

22½ VOLT "B" BATTERY
approximately 200 hours of playing life
1½ VOLT "A" BATTERY

\$6.95
Complete
READY
TO PLAY

**USE IT
ANYWHERE!**



The Magic Of Radio In The Palm Of Your Hand!

Yes, it's here at last... Radio's mighty postwar
battery midget... at an almost unbelievable
low price! Look at its streamlined cabinet of
lovely, lustrous plastic... so tiny you can hold it
in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich
fidelity... so powerful you can tune in stations
100 miles away. Once you hear it play you'll
agree that this **battery midget radio** at only
\$6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes,
astounding as it may sound, we will send you

Modernair battery radio complete with per-
sonal earphone, powerful receiving tube and
two batteries for only \$6.95. However, our
present supply is limited and we can guarantee
immediate delivery only if you **ACT NOW!**

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio checked
and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed
in writing for **one full year** against defective
workmanship and material.

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- * Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- * Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- * Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- * Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- * Broadcast Reception 540 to 1600 Kilocycles.
- * Patented Compression-Type Condenser.
- * Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- * Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- * Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet.

Send No Money... Merely clip this ad and mail
it today. Then pay postman only \$6.95 plus post-
age on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and
we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect recep-
tion if used as directed. Order yours **TODAY.**

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. MR-67

